Special Features This Issue



Guy Lombardo's Tempo at Mt. Dora Bringing Home Canting at Mr. Dora messing about in 1368415

Volume 14 - Number 2

June 1, 1996



1015, 305 M585

messing about in BOATS

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In Our Next Issue...

Ed McCabe brings us "A Coxwain's View of the Snow Row" and I introduce you to "The Amateur Yacht Research Soci-

ety...Way Out Ahead"

Virginia Clarendon recounts the struggles of chartering in "You Don't Give Up Easily", David Gulley describes "Sailing in Alligator Infested Waters", Paul Schwartz belatedly concludes his "First Cruise of the Season" and John Conway also concludes his "The Family, Me & the Catboat".

Eric Russell's project proved educational in "Learning from *Privateer*" while John Laudadio's is a tale of "Beginner's Luck".

There's a load of designs on tap: "Two Moons" by John McCallum, "Sleeper...an Update" by Derek VanLoan, "Sweet Dream" by Marc Pettingill, "The \$200 Sailboat" by Dave Carnell, and Stefan Kristjanson's affordable small craft in "Without Spending a Fortune". Phil Bolger brings us his "Sharpie Catamaran Concept" and Gale Ferris describes how it is "When You Know You're in a Good Boat".

And to help us all getting to the water, Lionel Taylor discusses "Beach Launching

Made Easy".

On the Cover...

Doc Shuter's *Second Pleasure* going to weather. In this issue Doc tells us how we "Missed the Boat" by overlooking the charms of two hulls.

Commentary...

A reader recently wrote to ask us for advice on starting a local small boat messabout group in her area. She had been atttracted to the concept from reading about some of these groups elsewhere around the country and thought it would be nice to organize one in her area where there are some really nice small

boating opportunities.

Well, I suggested to her that she contact some others in her area who I knew might be motivated to join with her in the effort. This sort of thing has to be local, and thus has to come about by local enthusiasts joining together. It does take someone to make that first move, contacting others, calling together a meeting to evaluate interest and potential support, and then following through if the reaction is a positive one.

Forming clubs is an age old human activity, and after centuries of such group efforts focussing on commonly held interests the structures evolved have become very elaborate and costly. In boating the yacht club is the archtypical club out at the far end of complexity and cost, with many of them well over 100 years old and established in expensive waterfront real estate, with concomitant complexities of operation and management. And

expensive membership costs.

Still, down towards our low rent end, opportunities exist for joining with others of like mind. Even some yacht clubs, despite the elitism implicit in that word "yacht" are within reach of middle class families who can afford small cruising boats and wish to enjoy the companionship of others like themselves. Someone owning a \$10,000 to \$25,000 cruising sailboat cannot find \$500-\$1,000 yacht club fees overly burdensome.

And then there are us small boat folks. We're not "yachties", and so find no place in yacht clubs. At this level many of us play the game on an individual basis, in fact amongst us are enough real individualists to make the formation of a group to collectively pursue our activities something of an oxymoron, as in

"Individualists Unite!"

The "Messabout Society" seems to be a recent version of such coming together as homebuilt boats become more numerous. An early precursor of this is the Traditional Small Craft Society, organized in the early '70's around John Gardner's efforts to stave off U.S. Coast Guard specification proposals that would have effectively prohibited building and selling (and thus enjoying) traditional small wooden boats that would fail tests set up to meet modern day industry standards for outboard powering.

When that campaign was successful, the traditional small craft folk looked around and said, "Well, now let's have some fun again." Today, 25 years later, the annual Small Craft Weekend at Mystic Seaport Musem is supplemented by a number of regional TSCA chapters which offer the companionship and activities for having fun in traditional small

While its attitude has mellowed somewhat since the '70's, the TSCA itself developed a form of elitism in that it focussed on

"traditional" small craft and the literal interpretation of "traditional" meant that folks with other than established recognized types of traditional small wooden boats did not feel encouraged to join. They weren't excluded overtly, but just did not feel very welcome. Yet the people involved in the TSCA were all good sorts, it was that focus on proper "traditional boats" that set up the wall.

After attending a Small Craft Weekend at Mystic in the late '70's during my own period of infatuation with traditional small craft, I decided I wanted more frequent opportunities to meet with like minded people closer to home. I obtained addresses from Mystic of those who attended their weekend who lived in my geographic area, rented a meeting room at the Peabdy Museum in Salem, a very "traditional" maritime location, and invited those interested to meet to set up our own local traditional and learned agent agents.

tional small craft group.

About fifty people turned up, we agreed to form our Traditional Small Craft Association of the Peabody Museum, with Museum support in the form of a free meeting room, and decided we'd have no bylaws and all that boilerplate that too often saddles recreational clubs with serious procedures, and set dues at \$10 a year to provide funds for refreshments and for honorariums for invited guest speakers.

Today, 16 years later, this group still meets monthly except in July and August and we've not yet run out of speakers on topics of interest to small boaters. Of course, we've broadened our purview over these years beyond just "traditional" to include anything of interest in small craft.

Our TSCA is pretty much a once-a-month indoor meeting group, we've had a few attempts at outdoor gatherings on the water, like today's messabouts, but in summer it seemed most of our members were busy at their own on-the-water activities.

Other local groups have since formed more focussed on the on-the-water aspects of small boating. One is the Cape Ann Rowing Club, which came together through the efforts of one woman who was enthused about rowing, and continues on today as organizer of the now major league annual Blackburn Challenge, a 20 mile human powered race which circumnavigates the Massachusetts north shore's Cape Ann.

When I got into sea kayaking, I joined yet another local group, the Boston Sea Kayak Club, which chiefly provides a networking opportunity to meet other kayakers, but which now is beginning to elaborate by organizing club outings with experienced leaders.

It is those clubs that form purely for the sociability of sharing the pleasures of informal small boat outings without scheduled "events" that are most comfortable to me, and this seems to be the mystique of the messabout concept. Let's just get together and mess about in our small boats, whatever they may be.

So I encouraged the reader who inquired into how to form such a group to gather with her local like minded small boaters to see if they wanted to join together in this manner. It's worked in a number of places around the country, this newest, simplest way to form a club devoted to enjoying small boats.

Small Boat SAFETY

Does Your PFD Have Sunburn?

By Tom Shaw, USCG Auxiliary

Teachers always like visual aids. One that I regularly use when teaching the Auxiliary "Boating Skills and Seamanship" course is a PFD that I removed from a recreational boat during a courtesy examination. When I hold it up and show my students one side of the PFD it looks like a typical "Type III" preserver When I turn it around, the class can see that the fabric has been bleached from orange to white by the sun, has ripped open and the flotation material is coming out.

That PFD has a bad case of "sunburn." I removed it from the boat (with the owner's consent) because it was no longer safe to use.

PFDs, like all other items of equipment, get old and worn. Unfortunately, since we do not use them very often, we tend to take them for granted and fail to give them regular safety inspections. Prudence demands we look for broken zippers, tug at the straps to make sure the stitching is still firm, squeeze each air "bladder" to make sure it is still air (and water) tight...and look for signs of sunburn.

The flotation material in a PFD is generally covered with a nylon or polyester fabric, economical, durable and resistant to rot but not to the ultraviolet rays of the sun. Dark col-

ored PFD fabrics generally (but not always) provide more protection against UV rays, but what they gain in durability they lose in visibility. If I'm over the side, I want the brightest orange PFD that I can buy.

How should one check the fabric? Look for any change in color by comparing the overall color with fabric that has been protected from the light, under a body strap, for example. Then pinch the fabric between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and try to tear. If it rips, throw that PFD away and get a new one.

PFDs should normally last for several boating seasons, but if they are not being worn at all times (highly recommended) they need, at the least, to be out of the locker and "readily available." In many boats that means that they are exposed to sunlight and the damage that UV inevitably will cause.

When a PFD gets wet, let it dry in the shade rather than in the sun, then store it under cover. Don't forget to check each PFD regularly. Put it on your list of things to do when you launch for the 1996 boating season.

Lagniappe

"Lagniappe"- a New Orleans word loosely translated as "a little something extra," such as the thirteenth roll in the baker's dozen. I once owned a dog named Lagniappe for obvious reasons.

Why not add a little lagniappe to your Type I PFD and have a little something extra in the way of safety when you go off shore. Here are some items you might consider. The prices are from a current boating catalogue.

A whistle - attached to the PFD with a

lanyard \$.69

A light - electric or cyalume from \$7.88

Packet of yellow (or green) dye \$6.45

Signal mirror - attached to PFD with lanyard \$6.88

Flares (small, waterproof packet) from \$13.45

The grand total comes to \$35.35...a pretty small investment in extra safety items that could very well save your life.

By-The-Sea

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1996 BOAT BUILDING SCHOOL SCHEDULE

RESTORATION JULY 26TM - 28TM

Mike Mahoney & Bill Smithers, Instructors Fee \$150.00

Fundamentals of boat restoration: Surveying your wooden boat, plank replacement, joinery, laminated and steam bent rib/frame replacement plus condensed basic refinishing. (see "Refinishing" below)

REFINISHING AUGUST 24TH & 25TH

Mike Mahoney, Instructor Fee: \$100.00

Learn the basics of traditional wooden boat refinishing: Finish removal, surface preparation, staining, application of sealers and varnish, painting systems, seam compounds and post restoration care.

BUILDING THE RUSHTON 109 SEPTEMBER 21⁵⁷ – 28TH

Dan Sutherland & Bill Smithers, Instructors Fee \$375.00

The Rushton 109 is a double ended, lapstrake, pulling boat built by Henry Rushton in the late 1880s. The class will launch the completed boat and have first option to purchase the Rushton 109.

RESTORATION OCTOBER 11^{TR} - 13^{TR}

Mike Mahoney & Dan Sutherland, Instructors Fee \$150.00 (see "Restoration" above)

RESTORATION FEBRUARY 7th - 9th, 1997

Bill Smithers & Mike Mahoney, Instructors Fee \$150.00 (see "Restoration" above) **ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING**

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (508) 281-4440. N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603)

279-4654 Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400,

Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351 Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, 13624. (315) 686-4104.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916. Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-

2343, (860) 388-2007. Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042. International Yacht Restoration School, 28

Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3

Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022. Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-

San Francisco Maritime National Hidstoric Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

BOATING SAFETY INSTRUCTION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. 617) 599-2028

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Activities & Events Organizers '96...

The '96 boating season has awakened and there are many activities beginning to happen out there messing about in boats. As a sort of center of a communications network, we continue to receive ever more news and announcements of coming attractions, chiefly through copies of newsletters circulated by the many organizations that undertake to promote events and activities of interest to us.

In the first issue of each month we list all those organizations (and individuals) we have knowledge of in several categories. If you are looking for events and activities that pertain to your own special way of messing about in boats, look up that particualr heading and see who is listed. Then contact those of interest to you directly for details of their 1996 happenings.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-0455 Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St.,

Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916. Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex,

MA 01929. (508) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022. Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O.Box 184,

W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533. Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport

News, VA 23606-3759. (804) 596-2222 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (203) 572-5315. New Bedford Whaling Museum, New

Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.

New Netherland Museum, Liberty State Park, Jersey City, NJ 07305. (201) 433-5900. North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front

St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153. South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St.,

New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.

MODEL BOATING

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317. Ship Modelers Association of Southern Cali-

fornia, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 76 Woodbine Ave., Concord, NH 03301. (603) 224-4586.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, RR1 Box 457, Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946. Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (804)

463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat_Assoc., c/o Edwin Howell, 23 Stratford Rd., Seekonk, MA 0277

West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Connecticut Canoe Racing Association, 102

Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-

Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge, 300 Central Park West #2J, New York, NY 10024. (212) 362-2176.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293. Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (508) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412. Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O.

Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (617) 599-2028.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, lpswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention.

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

Southern California Small Boat Messabout

Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

Washington Small Boat Messabout Society, Bob Gerfy, Seattle, WA, (206) 334-4878.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Museum of Wireless & Steam, Tillinghast Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818. (401) 884-1710

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o George Surgent, 5227 Williams Wharf Rd., St. Leonard, MD 20685. (410) 586-1893.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box

350, Mystic, CT 06355. Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/ o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Noank Wooden Boat Association, P.O. Box 9506, Noank, CT 06340.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647. Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as \$6 per issue to reach 4,000+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event.

Small Boat Builders' Get Together Clearwater's Great Hudson River Revival '96

Westchester County, NY, June 15-16 Six Stages of Music & Dance Crafts & Ecology Exhibits (914) 454-7673

Small Craft Messabout July 13, 1996 Mattituck, Long Island, NY

This event is on Mattituck Creek on the north fork of eastern Long Island. There will be a race to L.I. Sound & return (approximately 4 miles) for rowboats, canoes & kayaks. There will be boat tryouts and a chance to tour the creek and meet the members of the Long Island Traditional Small Craft Association.

For Information Call
LITSCA @ (516) 298-4512
Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY
11948



1996 WoodenBoat Show

Mystic Seaport® Mystic, CT June 28-30

For information call 800-273-7447
The show for wooden boat owners, builders, and designers



•New! The Champlain Assignment Marine photography class with National Geographic photographer James P. Blair. July 5-10 Lake Champlain Small Boat Show. July 6-7 Birch Bark Canoe Building August. 11-17

₹RR 3, Box 4092. Vergennes, VT 05491 Phone (802) 475-2022 Open May 4-Oct. 20

You write to us about...

Your Experiences...

It Isn't the Centerboard

In the March 15th issue, Tim Barnum said that he would not go cruising in a centerboard boat because they swamped easily and became unstable.

It isn't the centerboard feature that causes the risk of swamping and subsequent instability. On the Chesapeake Bay our oystermen dredge all winter in centerboard skipjacks. The Tancook whaler is a centerboard boat and makes an excellent cruiser. What is different about the Lightning, and many of the other small boats that your readers report cruising in, is that they are open boats and the water can get in.

Tim also confused centerboard with unballasted. An unballasted boat does becomes very unstable when it fills. On the other hand, a ballasted boat sinks. It doesn't matter if they have a centerboard or keel. The idea is to keep

the water out of the boat.

I don't know what modifications Dave Buckman made to his Lightning but I would guess that it tended to keep the water out during a knock down. Furthermore, if he has added ballast or carries a substantial weight of supplies and gear his Lightning will be stiffer, and safer than one in racing trim. Many Lightnings weighed more than the minimum 700 pounds and are correspondingly stiffer.

Tim also said that the top of the Lighting's centerboard trunk was below the deck level. Some are, some aren't. The top of the trunk must be a minimum of 15" above the centerboard pin; there is no maximum. Some boats were built with deck high trunk tops, so they could be bailed. Most went for the minimum to get weight down and facilitate crew movement. The cockpit coaming was also minimum height on many racers which increased the danger of swamping.

I think cruising in a Lightning is a wonderful idea; for someone else. My Lightning is great for an afternoon sail but for cruising I want a galley, head, wine closet, full headroom and 6' 2" bunks.

Godfrey Gauld, Arnold, MD.

No Capsizes in My Lightning

I feel compelled to respond to Tim Barnum's comments on capsizing his Lightning sloop in the March 15th issue

Say what he will, in my 25 years of sailing the sloops, including a dozen years of racing and ten years of cruising the New England coast from Narragansett Bay to Canada's Bay of Fundy, we had not one single capsize. That included singlehanding in more than 30 knot winds!

To capsize a Lightning in "15 knot plus winds", you have to be doing something significantly wrong, not be paying attention, be slow handed, or a combination of the three.

Even in my years of racing, I saw only two actual Lightning capsizes. The fact is that one-design racing as it is practiced these days in stripped down, reefless, minimum weight boats has almost nothing to to with prudent management of the sloop and everything to do with pushing beyond the bounds of reasonableness.

Jim was sailing a glass version of the sloop which has the positive flotation of a stone. The Leight was of wood.

David Buckman, Gilford, NH.

Took Us Back 30-40 Years

We enjoyed the Maine Boatbuilders' Show more than any other boat show in the last 30 or 40 years. We'd like to pass along the suggestion to the show organizers that they should advertise, "Send an SASE for Portland map". We finally found our way by guess and by gosh. A number of visitors are not familiar with their city.

Bob Whittier, Duxburuy, MA.

Acquired a Yacht Club!

Change comes to all things I suppose and the crew of the Magic Pearl is not spared In either a fit of mid-life crisis or from a long winter, I'm not sure which, we succumbed to the siren song of all sailors and acquired another sailboat, wet slip and perhaps more unbelievably, a yacht club. I'd tell you we will probably join two clubs but I don't want to stretch my credibility that far.

My college age children reacted in horror to the news. All three of them learned to sail on the Magic Pearl long before they learned to drive. And my youngest, Michelle, caused more than one Driver's Ed instructor to pale from her switching from Magic's tiller

to the Buick's steering wheel.

We have sailed the Magic Pearl from Port Richey to Sarasota Bay and Egmont Key to St. Petersburg, Tampa, Safety Harbor, Clearwater, Seminole, how many times and how many niles, and how many adventures and how many sunsets I don't know. As I read Magic's log I question my decision to part company with her at each entry. (I can't even use the word, can I?)

So what happens to Pearlers when they sail off into deep water? Well, in our case we found Hideaway, a much experienced Compac 23 residing in Dunedin during one of our winter's gales. We scheduled four days to sail the 27 miles to St. Petersburg Beach and needed three of them. The first two days blew so hard we could not provision the boat. On the third the wind died down and the sun came out and we had a wonderful trip. The fourth day was spent in 20kt winds on Boca Ciega Bay, the first mate and I grinning ear-to-ear all day.

I was invited aboard Afternoon Delight, the committee boat for a Compac club race hosted by the Boca Ciega Yacht Club in Gulfport. I'm not a racer, but I've got to tell you there is not a nicer sight than eight sail boats charging the line on a bright sunny af-

ternoon on the bay.

Those who subscribe to laid back sailing (most Pearlers), will feel at home at BCYC as will the serious racers. The common denominator here is messing about in sailboats as often as possible. When they are not sailing you'll likely find members gathered on the dock or lounging in the ample club house sharing adventures. My kind of place.

Matt Maloy, Largo, FL.

One More Tribute?

Can you find space for one more tribute to John Gardner? John inspired thousands of well-deserved words of praise, yet something critical has been omitted. No one has mentioned how John consistently challenged and improved their ideas. He did this humbly, with humor and style. Though he worked in conservative environments, John was a lovable gadfly, pesky and persistent, who never stopped asking difficult questions.

John asked, though not in so many tactless words, "Do you have meaningful, fun work producing something lasting and of true spiritual value? If not, why are wasting your time and the world's resources?" John Gardner held himself to the highest possible standards, and he did not casually accept less than this

For this, in addition to his amazing gifts as a scholar, teacher, writer, boatbuilder, and friend I will not only treasure his memory, but actively honor it. I will continue to work personally and professionally against the cultural tide of "bigger, faster, newer, leaner & meaner...is better.

Why have I written this to you? Because Messing About in Boats has the same spunky, friendly, questioning approach I valued so much in John. Your readers know what I mean.

Paul Lipke, Montague, MA.

Clean Water Challenge Cancelled

The Finlandia Vodka Clean Water Challenge has grown over the past three years from a race that many said couldn't be done into the premier event in paddlesports. Now, due to an unexpected change in the marketing plans of the title sponsor, the 1996 Clean Water Challenge has been cancelled.

The American Canoe Association remains dedicated to the program and its important environmental message. We hope that our next communication with you will be to announce its return with a new title sponsor.

Corbin & Associates, New York, NY.

Selling My Father's 1st Boat

A Folbot kayak is the first boat my father bought, and the one that I had my first taste of sailing in (although we paddled 90+% of the time). Usually we used it to drown worms (i.e., fishing) but occasionally sailed

Our first sailing experience in it was a long downwind run, followed by a vigorous gybe, a dunking, and a blue hull on the surface with leeboards pointing to the sky and the mast and sail pointing straight down underwater (luckily the lake was deep there and nothing broke off). Now I'm selling this boat (see Classified Marketplace in this issue).

I've still got a young Snark (25 years old), not much to look at but it goes on the car roof easily and I'm on the water 10 minutes after parking. I hope to get my wife out on it this year to see if she'll get bit by the sailing bug. Then maybe we'll get a real (but small) boat.

Chuck Sikorski, Ewing, NJ.

Your Needs...

Stonington Pulling Boat Builder

A man in Anguilla, BWI, has written to me looking for info concerning a "16' Stonington Pulling Boat" and wants to contact the builder to order six of them. He read about it ln a classified ad in *Soundings* in 1991 and has kept the ad all this time. It was a fiberglass Whitehall type hull, built in 1988. Does anyone know who and where the builder might be?

David Williams, 9 Riverview St., Essex,

CT 06426, (860) 767-2970.

Mini-Tugs, Anyone?

Well, my time has finally come. I recently turned 70 years old. I have been designing and building boats all of my life. I now find myself in a position where I need to dispose of all of my plans-built prototype boats. There are nine of them being stored in various sheds and garages on my property here in Fallbrook, CA.

Seven of the boats are tugboats and are equipped with either new outboard motors or new electric motors and each boat sits on a trailer, custom-built, for that particular boat. If any one is interested in purchasing any of these boats, please send a SASE for additional information and prices.

Berkeley A. Eastman 1640 Reche Road

Fallbrook, CA 92028.

Computer Designing on a Mac

I would like to hear from anyone who has experience using any of the low cost PC based boat design packages such as Plyboats or BtDzn, etc., on a Macintosh computer us-

ing Insignia's Soft Windows. Also, is there any low cost boat design software available for the Macintosh?

Bob Johnson 56 Henry Ct., Hollywood, MD 20636-9521.

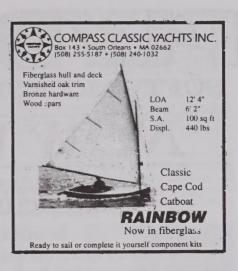
Your Projects...

WoodenBoat Masters Challenge

There will be a *WoodenBoat* Masters' Challenge at this year's *WoodenBoat* Show, sponsored by Sika, and with wood supplied by Harbor Sales. If you think your team can build a 12' dory faster than in 2 hours, 29 minutes, and 56 seconds, call Rob Dwelley at 508-656-6736. There will also be a concourse judging at the show.

Valerie LaFrance, WoodenBoat Show,

Brooklin, ME.





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Displacement curve of areas

Righting moment

Righting arm

Centroids of submerged sections

Wetted area

Surface area of hull

Lateral area

Center of lateral area

• Prints out:

Table of offsets

All graphics

Plywood layout graphic

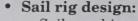
Plywood layout offsets

Table of design inputs

Printer support:

Laser or ink jet

Epson or IBM Proprinter dot matrix



Sail graphic

Jib + two masts

20 sail types

Bowsprit

Center of effort of each sail

Center of effort of sail group

Lead of sail vs. lateral area

Table of sail design

• CAD export: (use for cabins, decks, etc.)

.DXF file 2D hull

.DXF file 3D hull

.DXF file plywood

.DXF file sailplan

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Table of offsets

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While a number of the boats listed in the program for the March 29-31 Mt. Dora Antique Boat Festival in Florida failed to make it, *Tempo*, formerly owned by big band leader and powerboat racer, Guy Lombardo, did appear. And a sad appearance it was, after years of neglect out of doors. The present owner hopes that somone will want to take on a restoration.

The program describes *Tempo* as follows: "Guy Lombardo's *Tempo*. *Tempo* was designed by John Hacker and built in Bay City, Michigan about 1936 for Jules Stein, founder of Music Corporation of America (MCA) and booking agent for Guy Lombardo's band.

Tempo is 44 feet long by 9 feet of beam, originally powered by twin 1,500 cubic inch Packard V-12 aircraft engines. Built very

Mt. Dora Antique Boat Festival

By Walter Fullam

lightly, *Tempo* reportedly had a top speed of about 60mph.

In 1946 the Lombardo band began staging lavish shows at the 8,200 seat Jones Beach

Marina Stadium. The stage was an island separated by water from the audience. Many will remember *Tempo* cruising up to the stage with Guy Lombardo aboard directing the Royal Canadians. Upon her husband's death in 1979, Mrs. Lombardo donated *Tempo* to a marine museum at Atlantic City, New Jersey. The boat was to be kept maintained and indoors. Sadly, *Tempo* sat outdoors for ten years. Abused by vagrants, she soon followed the fate of other historic vessels, including *Flying Cloud*, as she fell into disrepair.

The present owner has known Guy Lombardo, his race boats, and *Tempo* since the late 1930's. Sentiment won out over logic and family advice and yes, a rather steep price was paid for the remains of Guy Lombardo's

former showboat, Tempo.



Tempo under the Spanish moss alongside a display of woodie beach wagons contemporary to her glory days.



A happier fate is enjoyed by this restored Canadian Dispro (disappearing propellor) launch. The 18'6" craft, powered by a Coventry Victor engine, was built in 1954 by Gravenhurst Boats, Ltd. of Gravenhurst Ontario.

It's not all power at Mt. Dora, here the war canoe race gets away, won by the Blue Ridge Chapter of the Antique Boat Society.



"Geez Dad! Cimba was featured in last spring's issue of Wooden Boat," Abby, my 12year-old, jeered. Waving the dog-eared issue, she continued, "It might pay to open this magazine now and then, don't you think?'

"OK, OK, you twinkie," I shot back. "Let

me see that.'

Wooden Boat is one of those magazines read so much in the Conway household that the ink usually wears off before we file it away for reference. How could I have missed this?

I had!

There was Cimba, big as life, gracing an article entitled "High Tech Meets Tradition" (Wooden Boat 105). Having just filed the family report of my guided tour of the vessel, I read on. As my wife and soulmate, Chris, retells it, "Dad's jaw continuously dropped lower as his eyes scanned the words and pictures in that article."

Frank Cassidy, it turned out, was the President of the 1500-plus member Catboat Association and Cimba was the group's de facto "flagship." Neither Frank nor Lynda had mentioned this little factoid during my barge-in tour of their vessel.
"Son of a gun!" I mumbled. "Well that

explains a few things."

Needless to say, the Catboat Association could not have picked a better spokes-crew than the Cassidys nor a better spokes-boat than Cimba. Both had hooked the Conway clan to the point where nothing less than a big old cat of our own would do.

Over the late summer and fall of 1992 and into the early winter of 1993, we Conways took it upon ourselves to learn everything we

could about the Class.

Our education began with membership in the Catboat Association itself. This remarkable group was founded in 1963 by the late John Leavens (coincidentally a fellow Summit, NJ resident). The CBA has almost continuously published a professional quarterly magazine and these numerous "Bulletins" serve as a wonderful source of historical and

practical information.

The catboat contagion expanded as our research library on the subject grew. Tomes included: The Catboat Book, an extensive compilation of the best of the CBA's historical photos and bulletin articles. (Available from CBA); Catboats, Stan Grayson's definitive book on the subject (out of print); Building the Crosby Cat, Barry Thomas' book detailing the construction of Mystic Seaport's wonderful lively cat, the Breck Marshall (CBA); The Classic Boat, a volume in Time Life's Library of Boating series that provides the best description of the pros, cons and techniques of sailing the classic catboat gaff-rig (out of print); Nautical Quarterly #11, Stan Grayson's definitive article on the subject (out of print); and finally, The Boy, Me and the Cat, Henry Plummer's delightful tale of a two-year catboat journey aboard Mascot from New Bedford, MA to Miami, FL and back with his son and their furry pet in 1912 (CBA).

On top of this research came the game of scanning the classifieds. Each new issue of Wooden Boat and MAIB was examined by Abby and I in a sort of father/daughter bonding routine. All catboat entries were highlighted in yellow and prioritized as to age, builder, current location, condition and price.

We wanted something big enough to hold the whole gang for at least a one or two-night cruise and the occasional week-long adven-

The Family, Me and the Catboat

Esther Gains Another Life?

By John E. Conway



Jack and Cal prepare Cape Girl for her first night with the new caretakers.

ture. Unfortunately, our budget would only allow something in the \$10,000 range. So we quickly realized that if we wanted a family-sized catboat, only "tired wood" would

Having rebuilt or restored a number of "geranium planters" in the past, this wasn't as much of a deterrent as it might have been for others. Sweat equity aside, we all had developed a penchant for the smell, creak and feel of Atlantic cedar, white oak, old pine, paint and varnish. No plastic boat could come close... as long as yours truly did most of the handiwork and painting.

From the research, we had set our caps for nothing less than an authentic Crosby cat. In Osterville on Cape Cod, generations of the Crosby family (Horace S., Worthington H., Manley, Daniel, Charles, Wilton, Herbert, et many al!) had built catboats from 1855 to 1935, mostly as commercial fishing craft. Throughout these years they had developed a reputation as premier designers and builders of elegant workhorses. Originally constructed with a 15 year or so lifetime in mind, many Crosbys cats had lasted 50 years or more. You just couldn't kill the damn things, and that was good enough for us. Problem was... satisfied Crosby owners held onto or coddled the blessed rigs forever (or until the boat finally evaporated, I guess). As a result, our Crosby quest became the proverbial search for the needle in a haystack. The January 15, 1993 issue of Messing About changed all of this.

MAIB Comes Through

"I think we've got a candidate catboat!" Abby was the first to spy the ad. "Looks like a vintage Crosby, Dad."

A nifty photo of a comely cat under sail graced the upper corner of Page 31, Volume 10, Number 17. The copy described her as a



24' CROSBY CATBOAT, reblt 1991, new deck, new deck beams, new gaff sail, coal & wood stove, Westerbeke diesel. Great classic ready to sail. \$12,900

CAL PERKINS, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-4740.

An ad in MAIB (Jan. 15 1993, Volume 10, Number 17, Page 31) started it all.

24-footer, plenty big enough for the Conway five. It claimed that she was rebuilt in 1991 (read: Hurricane Bob) but gave no indication as to her vintage

She was definitely worth a look. Now as it turned out, the Annual Meeting of the Catboat Association was only a few weeks away. In my mind's eye I imagined a "two birds with one stone" expedition, i.e., a weekend spent at my first catboat convention in Newport, RI, followed by an inspection of the offered Crosby in nearby

Mattapoisett, MA. This could work!

The meeting vas great fun made even more wonderful by the co-ink-e-dink of bumping into Captain Cal Perkins, the owner of the Crosby in question. I wouldn't have known Cap'n Cal if I had tripped over him save for the fact that, at the meeting, he had won the coveted John Killam Murphy Award "... in recognition of an individual who has advanced the principals and traditions of sail as exemplified by the Catboat Association." The ceremony was very public and visible as was the now-identified Cap'n Cal.

After the awards luncheon I approached the skipper, introduced myself, stated my in-

terest and pressed for the details.

"She's the Cape Girl, built by Charlie Crosby for one Augustus Eldridge of Chatham as the Esther back in 1908."

Something told me that I had pulled the proverbial cork out of the bottle and was about to receive a full draught history lesson. Cal continued without taking a breath.

"Eldridge retired the boat in 1924 and sold her to a Mr. Furguson. We don't know much about old Furgie other than he kept the cat until 1930. That's when the Saltonstalls of Marion, MA bought her and converted her to serve as the family pleasure yacht. They renamed her the Josephine S, after Bill Saltonstall's mother, don't you know.'

Cal had still not inhaled.

"The '38 hurricane washed the cat two miles inland and pretty much wrecked the whole shebang. Nevertheless, James Coggeshall of Barnstable, Cape Cod offered to buy the remains and had his wish granted.

Jimmy had the Crosby yard rebuild the girl from stem to stern. In the process she became the *Pelican*. Strange name for a New England boat, eh? Yet the Coggeshalls even went as far as having a pelican figurehead carved for placement under the bowsprit. I've still got the old bird too!"

Didn't this gob ever need air?

"Anyway, the Coggeshalls kept *Pelican* in the family for 14 years until 1952. From there she changed hands numerous times until I came along. I'm the 18th owner as far as I know. Found her in a sweet water boatyard up to Vermont Previous owners wanted to berth her in Lake Champlain or some such nonsense but ran out of money trying to refit her. I brought her down to Mattapoisett in '85 and rechristened her with a more proper name. There she's been ever since, 'cept of course for Hurricane Bob."

"Hurricane Bob?" I queried.

Cal explained, "In advance of the hurricane I sailed Cape Girl down to New Bedford and secured her to a storm mooring behind the Hurricane Barrier there. During the blow, a neighboring fishing boat broke loose, struck the old girl and rolled over her cockpit. That footloose, mother-of-a-rust-bucket tore a couple of chunks out of the old girl and destroyed her steering gear to boot, but she somehow hung on. Insurance paid for a rebuild, most of which my friend Bob and I did ourselves."

"Quite a tale, but tell me why are you

selling her?" I couldn't resist asking.
"I'm getting too old for this stuff," came
the reply. Trouble was, Cal didn't look much
older than I did.

Wincing, I asked, "When can I see her?"
"Any old time you want," Perkins beamed.

Didn't I Mention Headroom?

Soon thereafter I found myself mounting an aluminum ladder leaning against *Cape Girl's* transom. The old boat spent her winters under wraps in Cal Perkin's backyard only a block or two from Mattapoisett Harbor.

The vessel was everything I expected of

a Crosby and more.

She carried the fine lines of the classic cat just as described in the books; plumb stem, shallow draft (2.5 feet), full belly and barn-door rudder.

Her cockpit was massive and could easily accommodate eight adults in comfort. All spars were crafted of Sitka spruce and gave telephone poles a run for their money relative to length and girth. She drew auxiliary power from a 15-horse Westerbeke diesel (that started on the first demonstration try during that initial inspection). The old girl's cavernous, beaded pine and oak cabin included a Dad-sized head with hanging locker, a Delft-tiled full galley, dual dropleaf tables and sleeping space for four large people... maybe even six in a pinch.

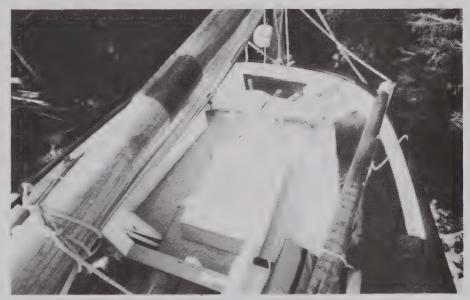
As goofy as it sounds, my heart nearly stopped when I noticed that Cape Girl carried an original coal/wood burning Shipmate stove, complete with copper flue pipes terminated in a classic Charlie Noble stack. Seven opening porthole lights, three each on starboard and port and one front 'n center rounded out the package.

My eyes glazed over.

"I'm also throwing in all ground tackle and electronics," Cal boasted. "She's a



The inspection showed her to be everything expected of a Crosby catboat.



Her cockpit was massive and could easily accommodate eight adults in comfort.

Cavernous was the only way to describe her oak and pine-paneled cabin.





My heart nearly stopped when I noticed an original Shipmate stove.



Captain Cal Perkins (and friend) bid farewell to their old "Girl."

Cal Perkins and John Conway Sr. (Jack) watch as Cape Girl turns towards the ramp.



'turn-the-key' boat as they say. Oh, and did I mention that she has a new sail?"

There had to be something wrong with this thing...but what?

"Would you mind if I had a marine surveyor take a look?"

Without so much as a blink Cal shot back,

"No problem."

I had never used a boat surveyor before, but a near-disastrous experience in house buying a few years back had soundly convinced me of the value of a professional inspection.

Several friends and one of my favorite wooden boat repair books, Wooden Boat Renovation, by Jim Trefethen, had spoken highly of the legendary surveyors Captains Giffy Full and Paul Haley of G.F. Full & Assoc. from Marblehead, MA. Full, Haley and their staff, among the last of the "old school" practitioners, have developed quite a reputation in the "tired wood" department. I figured they should do the work.

Surveyors engaged, Cal chose a suitable date and the work commenced. The inspection took the better part of a day.

About two weeks and \$400 later Full's report came in. To quote: ".. the vessel is at a crossroads...'

In essence, the survey concluded that Cape Girl was in fair to good condition, but showed the signs of a boat that had suffered through an extended period of benign neglect. Clearly Cal had invested a lot of time on Cape Girl. Yet, without fairly extensive additional tender loving care, she would slowly deteriorate to the point of no return over the next ten years or so.

Question was, were the Conways up to the challenge?

The family discussed the potential purchase over and over again for several weeks. Pictures that I had taken during the inspection were passed around, examined in detail and passed around some more.

Discussions almost came to a halt on more than one occasion. The largest crisis revolved around my wife's innocent question: "How much headroom does she have?"

Chris had been used to the sumptuous standing headroom offered by the 51-foot Beneteaus we had chartered for family vacations in the British Virgin Islands from The Mooring's.

"Headroom?" I squeaked back. "Oh, about five-and-a-half feet." (Actually closer to 5 feet, NO inches. Old catboats do have one, major shortcoming.) This meant that only Caroline, our then 6-year-old, could stand up below decks and, at best, for another couple of years.

"John, you must be kidding!"

But somehow that crisis, and several others, were resolved and the evaluation process moved towards closure.

Finally, my begging, coupled with the twisted interpretation of a line taken from the movie Raiders of the Lost Ark pushed us over the edge.

Beloch to Indy

"We are observers, Mr Jones... merely passing through history.

Ah, but the Ark...the Ark is history."

Call it luck or the Providence of the Gods or whatever but somehow, over the years, a little wooden fishing boat named Esther, designed to last 15 years, had survived nearly 85. Now the Conways were being offered the

chance to keep this "last of breed" going, an enchanting, if daunting, thought. We knew this "custodianship" would require a lot of labor, love and luck, not to mention longer-term financial wherewithal, but in the final analysis it just seemed like the right thing to do. Hell, we might even learn a few things and have some fun in the process.

I made Cal an offer and Cape Girl was

Senior and Junior Take Her Home

"Watch it, watch it," Perkins barked. "You've got to get the rear pad back about a foot more.

The boat-hauler from Brownell, Inc.

rolled his eyes.

"Don't worry, Cap, a giant egg wouldn't

be in safer hands.

Moving time had finally arrived and the whole weekend promised to be a beauty,

weatherwise and otherwise.

The plan was straightforward. Brownell would haul Cape Girl from Cal's backyard over to the Mattapoisett Harbor Public Landing. There her mast would be stepped and she would be launched. Once in the water, assuming all went well, we would rig her up and bend on the sails. Finally, after spending the night at the landing, Cape Girl and her crew would make their way to Westport Point on the tide.

My dad, John Sr. (Jack) had flow in from my folk's retirement home in California for the occasion. A senior Conway just couldn't pass on an opportunity to welcome a new ves-

sel into the clan.

The launching and rigging went without a hitch, even though a strong, early May breeze made sail bending a bit challenging. Before long everything was shipshape and ready to go. The day had flown by and all hands were feeling pretty good.

Dad surveyed the scene.

"I've been toying with a big bad idea," he intimated. "Any chance I could convince you to let us spend the night aboard the old bucket?"

The original plan had been to sleep over at our summer house, then return in the morn-

"In a heartbeat!" I instantly replied.

Smiling from stem to stern, Dad bellowed, "Then come on, we've got some pro-

visioning to do.'

Like a couple of giddy school kids we hopped in the car and raced back to Westport. Once there we picked up a couple of sleeping bags, stocked up with ice, water and breakfast supplies and grabbed a bite of supper. ("You just can't get Chinese food like this in California.") After a filling meal, we zoomed back to our catboat just in time to catch sunset over Mattapoisett.

My Old Man lit the oil lamps m my Old Girl's cabin and made ready our bunks while I transferred our supplies into the food locker.

"Anybody home?" Cap'n Cal's ruddy face appeared in the companionway opening. "I've stumbled on a 'six-er of good luck elixir and thought that it just wouldn't be right to drink alone.

Pete's Wicked Ale never tasted so good. The evening passed all too quickly in scenes reminiscent of the onboard, overnight gam between Quint, Brady and Hooper in the movie Jaws. Small tales led to tall tales led to discussions of tomorrow's homeward bound

adventure. Cal had graciously offered to accompany us on the journey ("Just so you learn a few of the girl's tricks") and we gratefully accepted.

"Good night, boys. Take care now. See you on the tide.

A slightly misty-eyed Cap'n Perkins left the snug confines of the lamp-lightened cabin, stepped onto the dock and headed up the gang-

"I don't know about you, Dad, but I'm

beat," I yawned.

"That's the problem with the younger generation," my dad quipped back. "No stamina. But you're the Captain now, so I guess I have to turn in." Within minutes ripsaw snoring bellowed across the cabin from

If the fates had only permitted me to experience that one day and night aboard the catboat, I would have died a happy man. There in my bunk, Dad snoring away to port, the smell of pine tar and lamp oil in the air and the gentle motion and creak of Cape Girl nuzzling her mooring lines rocking me to sleep, I drifted off thinking that life just couldn't get (yawn) any better (zzzzzzzz).

"One eggs or two?" I awoke to the smell of coffee perking and bacon and eggs frying

over a hickory wood fire.
"Er, two," I sleepily gurgled.

Dad had fired up the old Shipmate stove sometime around dawn and prepared a sumptuous lumberjack's breakfast, which he was just about ready to serve. As if on queue, Cal Perkins showed up and joined in the repast. ("Cholesterol be damned, there's something about coffee, toast, bacon and eggs that lifts up a person's soul and sends it a soar'n.")

They say that time and tide wait for no man and so it was with Buzzard's Bay that crisp, blue morning,. The ebb began at 7:00 AM and we needed every knot of its boost if we hoped to reach Westport Harbor before

twilight.

It only seemed proper to designate Cal as official pilot. With an experienced hand, he took the wheel and started the diesel. The order to cast off was given and my dad and I followed through. We were away!

'With winds this light, I figure we'll motor out of the harbor," Cal suggested. "However, I have a feeling that things will freshen a bit once we're out into the bay. Then

it's white sails and green water.'

Cal's forecast was right on the money. As we passed a homeport-moored Tabor Boy, the schooner flagship of Tabor Academy's fleet and hung starboard into Buzzard's Bay, the wind picked up a good ten knots from the northwest, the perfect (and not typical) direction for a full-powered beam reach, a good omen.

Orders came fast from the pilot as he headed Cape Girl up into the eye of the wind.

"Hoist away me hearties. There's wind a wasting...

We crew quickly unfastened and stored the sail cover and let loose the sail ties or "gas-

My dad next uncleated and held the main sheet while I manned the topping lift. With a few tugs on the "lift" line, the vessel's 28-foot main boom pulled up and away from her aftmounted oak crutch. The lift line was cleated off, the crutch removed and the full weight of sail and boom now depended on the strength of 100 feet of 3/8-inch Dacron.

Scooting over to port, I quickly uncleated and manned the rig's throat and peak halvards. Threaded through an intricate yet time proven series of sheaves and blocks ("None of those modern, sissified winch widgets on a real cat"), the catboat halyards (with a little assist from Conway muscle) pulled several hundred pounds of sail cloth and spruce over 25 feet aloft.

"Halyards cleated off, Cal," I yelled. "Dad, you can slacken up the topping lift." I had practiced this drill in my head for many

Cal threw the wheel over hard to port and the old girl's 500 square foot wing smartly filled to capacity. The telephone pole of a boom swung out to the appropriate length of its maul sheet, we heeled over ever so slightly and took off like a shot

I was simultaneously awestruck, pleased and titillated. The spectacle of all of that working wood and cloth overhead was unlike any other sailing sight that I had ever experienced.

Dad was amazed by the lack of heel for such powerful forward thrust. "My God! It really is like sailing in your living room," he remarked.

I looked back and saw that Cal had been studying the both of us. He simply smiled.

"Kind of humbling and gratifying all at the same time, isn't it?" The Girl's former skipper paused, "Well Mr. Conway, she's all

With one hand on the wheel, he stepped away from the helm and motioned me to take over. I slid into the helm seat, grabbed onto the grips and took command

Maybe life did get better! ... To be concluded

Resources in TFMATC-IV

The Catboat Association (CBA): Membership c/o Max Fife, P.O. Box 427, Stockton Springs, ME 04981, phone (207) 567-3391; Publications & Videos c/o Carol Titcomb, 38 Brookwood St., Branford, CT 06405, phone (203) 488-3088

New & Out of Print Books/Magazines, Columbia Trading Co., 1 Barnstable Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601, phone (508) 778-2929.

The Moorings Charter Company, 1-800-535-7289

Brownell Boat Yard, 1 Park St., Mattapoisett, MA 02739, phone (508) 758-2413.

Buzzard's Bay & Westport On-Line/ Internet: http://www.pictac.com/~kevin/dest/ westport.htm

Tabor Academy, Front St., Marion, MA 02738, phone (508) 748-2000.



With 500 sq. ft. unfurled and Splinter in tow, Cape Girl heads to Westport Harbor.

The day promised to be a good one, partly sunny, winds 10 to 20 knots out of the west to northwest and comfortable temperatures. The one hidden flaw that would spell disaster later on, was not yet apparent. I had ignored, or simply not heard, the most vital part of the forecast, namely "with higher gusts!"

Despite my not being able to scare up a crew, I decided to take a cruise around the old stomping grounds (Casco Bay). My "regular" crew was busy with a previous engagement and other potentially interested parties begged

off due to lack of interest.

It's only my second year in the Wayfarer, but I had no qualms about single-handing the boat. In previous years I managed my other day sailor sans crew with no difficulties, and the first year in my Wayfarer was just as enjoyable and incident free.

I loaded the boat with all the necessities, hooked it to the car and took off for the boat ramp at Dolphin Marina at the end of Harpswell. Although there are closer launching ramps, that particular ramp places the boater almost smack in the middle of Casco Bay and is worth the 15-mile drive on secondary roads. It opens many different options

as to where to sail, explore, etc. Now I know that every reader has had that peculiar "feeling" at some point in his or her life that says today is not a good day for doing what you are about to do. The trip to the ramp requires driving through downtown Brunswick, normally a five minute undertaking. This day, however, for some unexplained reason, a jam occurred somewhere up ahead causing stop and go driving, aggravating delays and ruffled tempers (Type A personality). OK, I chalked it up to bad timing. Halfway to my destination the flames of irritation were further fanned by a citizen not willing to share the road. My other self began to take over the car, showing me how to make really dumb moves. At one point I nearly jackknifed the trailer. Eventually I settled down and arrived at the marina with nothing worse than a bent

Setting up the boat has been no particular problem in the past, 20 to 30 minutes usually sees me down the ramp. This day, however, snags caused me to have to raise and lower the mast three times and kill a good part of an hour. I was also sweating bullets by then.

Without crew, I usually float the boat, then motor to a clear spot on the floats. It allows me to clear the ramp as soon as possible and not have to concern myself with what the boat is banging into. It also makes room so other boaters have access. Anyway, I floated the boat, turned it around to head away from the trailer and started the motor. I climbed into the boat, maneuvered the lever into gear, guess which one, and gave it the gas, promptly backing up and tangling with my own trailer. After careful examination of boat, trailer and my attitude, I was still determined to press on.

Ten minutes later I was underway. To test the wind and try out various combinations of sail (remember, 10 to 20 knots), I sailed close to the marina and didn't set out for any particular destination, just flying around. No combination of rig produced results I was familiar with or particularly interested in, and from shore I must have looked like a demented chicken running around a barnyard. I soon tired of that sport, hoisted everything and set course for any or some place.

Things were really going good now, as

The Cruise, Or Are We Having Fun Yet?

By Max Henke

they used to say on one of those TV shows, "I like it when a plan comes together!" I was congratulating myself on having persevered and was being rewarded with some real honest to goodness sailing.

The breeze was cooling me off and I was beginning to have warm feelings toward all humanity, all earlier aggravation forgotten. Not having mastered the art of planing on a broad reach as yet, I was satisfied with almost planing. I sailed out into Broad Sound (it runs roughly in a north/south direction) hanging a hard right (yeah, I know, going on a port tack) around Little Birch Island with the intention of sailing to Bustin Island about five NM distant and ultimately to my former mooring area. I felt like visiting old acquaintances. This turn put me on another broad reach. I also noticed that the wind was beginning to freshen, but what the heck, that's what I was out here for.

I had been flying along for a couple of miles when I noticed a familiar growling coming from my stomach region. I knew that there was only one thing I could do to still the rumbling. I had packed a couple of salami on rye sandwiches and some refreshing "beverages."

I knew full well from experience, that those items would be indispensable, that they would come in handy later. I settled onto the present heading, cleated the sheets and reached for the cooler. No folks, hang on, not yet!

I unwrapped the sandwich, took a bite, chewed and thought how great life was. To make things even better, I opened a drink to wash down the sandwich, thinking, "It don't get no better than this." All this time the other half of me is keeping an eye on what's happening with the boat, the sails, the wind and all that stuff. It was a real chore maneuvering the sandwich, the drink and the helm. Fortunately I didn't have to handle the sheets. They were well cleated, and were taking care of themselves. Hah!

At this point I happened to be looking into the eye of the wind and noticed that the water a half mile from my position was turning dark and angry. I thought, "Ah ha, my keen powers of observation and alertness were paying off," and I mentally patted my back. Something had to be done to prepare myself for the tempest. Realizing that my other hand was still busy stuffing food into the furnace, I took the easy way out and headed up into the wind, hoping to sit it out. It worked, as I was confident it would, though the sails looked and sounded as if they were about to tear off the mast. The ruckus continued for a couple of minutes and I was beginning to get annoyed, I still had half a sandwich to put away. I looked up to see how the sails were holding up...

To this day I don't know what happened. Somehow the boat turned downwind (while looking up, I think I must have leaned on the tiller and inadvertently brought the boat around) and she started going over, fast. I do remember thinking as the water was pouring over the side deck that she seemed to be hesitating and didn't really want to go over, and I certainly wasn't in the mood. The water was about 55 to 58 degrees F and that's not very comfortable. Despite my valiant efforts to save the boat (I did nothing, I was stunned, I

couldn't believe it was happening), she went over and I gracefully stepped into the water, thinking that after all the other things that had annoyed me this day, this would really top it off.

I don't know what happened to the rest of the sandwich, for I was suddenly very busy wondering if this was going to get worse. It did. She went all the way over, shiny side up. Now what? I'm freezing already, what do I do? Well, I read a lot, when I'm not busy capsizing boats, and it all came back to me in a flash, chapter and verse.

I climbed aboard the *Poseidon*, all the while thinking that those bilge keels were a real help. I have often wondered what they were for. I grabbed the center board and hung over the side. Remember, all the sails are set and sheets cleated. I strained with all my 200 pounds. I could feel her slowly coming up, great, no problem! While the mast was rising, ever so slowly, I had a moment to reflect on my situation. I was no longer in the water, I was getting warm and I was lifting all the water in the bay with the sails. I scanned the area for a possible audience. There seemed to be a total lack of interest in my predicament. I did notice the Aquarius circling the area. Brian Marden, the skipper, wasn't hauling traps though, he was making the bay safe for navigation by retrieving the flotsam I had created. That is, that which hadn't sunk immediately. He would play another crucial role later.

As the mast came parallel with the surface, I noticed that it was pointed at the wind. "Great," I think. "The wind should help me right the boat the rest of the way. As the boat comes up I'll just swing over the gunnel, uncleat, haul down the sails and bail." You all know it didn't happen that way.

The wind did help to raise the mast, sails and boat. The mast flew up like a whip, as a matter of fact. For a moment things appeared promising, everything looked good, except the boat was now upright and I was in the water. How do I get back in the boat? As it turned out, I wasn't given much time to think about that problem. Faster than I could sneeze, the boat came over to join me! In retrospect I have come to the conclusion that it was probably better that way. I can't swim as fast as the boat can sail.

It slowly dawned on me that I was going to need help getting myself out of the water and sailing upright. The assistance came in the form of the lobsterman. He had drifted closer while collecting my floaters, probably hoping to pick up a few pointers on how sailing is really done. "You need some help?" he hollered. Now why would anyone think I needed help? "Yea!" I replied with as much dignity as I could muster, standing on the upside down hull, straining on the centerboard. I asked the skipper to hold the head of the mast up once it appeared at the surface. This gave me a chance to swim around to the cockpit and haul down the sails. At this point "down" isn't really an appropriate word, but I think it's clear to the reader what is meant. I draped my very tired and cold body over the high side, the skipper gave the mast a lift, shoved and I was upright and in the boat. A boat full of bay.

My teeth were chattering as I operated my one gallon per day pump. I saw no change in the water level at all and must have looked really discouraged as the skipper asked me, "You all right, you look a little peaked?" Encouraged by his concern over my state of health and the fact that pumping was causing my body temperature to return to normal at a rapid rate, I replied, "I don't feel all that good right now, I'm gettin' too old for this crap, you got a bucket?" Well, enough small talk, he did have a bucket, a very large one. It took very little time to put the water back. The skipper offered to tow me back to the marina, but for purely personal reasons (pride) I declined, electing to sail back under my own power. Because the boom was lying on the starboard seat entangled in sail and sheet and it would be a straight run back, I hoisted the jib and headed home. By now I was thoroughly disgusted with today's events.

As I arrived at the harbor entrance, another lobster boat hailed me to ask if I was all right and if I needed help. "Godfrey Daniels," did the whole bay know of my tribulations? I assured them everything was hunky dory. Apparently the first skipper had radioed an alert to keep an eye out for the nut that went swimming. Nice to know there are still people who care about others.

Finding an open spot at the floats was not a problem, but getting there turned out to be impossible for the likes of me. I missed my first approach and all other tries were fruitless under jib alone. I sailed to an empty mooring, made fast and hauled down. I whistled up the water taxi for a tow back to the ramp, no oars or oarlocks. When he arrived I asked him to tow me back to the ramp and to get me as close as possible. He did this with a vengeance. The launching ramp is next to a very high pier. The pier can only be used for access to the floats. It has no other use and becomes a hazard once your unattended boat has left the safe haven

of your trailer. The prevailing winds most afternoons cause you to be blown directly into the pilings as soon as your mind wanders away from what you should be paying attention to.

When the taxi skipper cast me loose, he converted us, the boat and myself, into a moving derelict. We still had a bit of way on. I saw this huge pier looming at me and almost immediately recognized a disaster in the offing. I jumped to the starboard shroud and prepared to fend off the rapidly approaching pilings. I was about to congratulate myself as I thought that I had done pretty good job when I heard this humungous crash just behind me. "What now?" I thought. I turned around and stared in disbelief at a huge lamp globe made out of aluminum and plastic lying in the cockpit. It must have been at least three feet in diameter and had simply dropped off the pole when my mast came in contact with it.

I carefully surveyed the area to see if anyone had taken notice of my latest fiasco. Not seeing any concerned stares, I feigned complete innocence and surreptitiously returned the globe to the top of the pier. By now the boat had come to rest along the pilings, the bow just kissing the concrete ramp. I climbed over the bow, jumped to the ramp and made my way to the car and trailer. At this point I didn't care at all that the boat was blocking the ramp.

After hauling the boat and doing a quick survey, I noted very little if any evidence of my misadventure other than the absence of some very expensive equipment. As I was going through the disassembly routine, I took a look into the after locker. There, among the equipment I usually stow was about a foot-

and-a-half of water. I quickly recognized the importance of properly securing the after watertight hatch. It all came flooding back (pun intended), that's where my cooler had been, back when I thought I needed that sandwich. That brilliant observation produced a bright spot, however, for I remembered I still had another sandwich and bottle of juice to console me. Or so I thought. The juice looked OK but the content of the baggy was no longer recognizable. The cooler had leaked as well. Disgusted, I tossed the mess into the weeds, got into the car and started for home. The last thing I saw as I glanced at the rear view mirror was the marina dog, a huge Great Dane, sniffing where I had thrown the sandwich. "You're welcome," I thought, as the sight of him faded from view and my thoughts turned to how I should'a really done it.



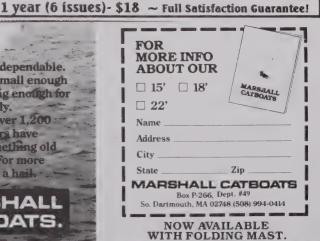


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By Garry F. Cerrone

It was becoming clearer to me, each time that I took out the day sailer, that it was time to move on. Oh, she sailed well enough and we certainly kept her in top condition, but she just wasn't enough boat any more. That old urge had started and when it starts, one really can't stop it. I had to get a bigger boat, a boat that could be slept in, but what could I realistically afford? The kid was still in college and my old truck was fading quickly. I read the papers, checked the local mags and boat store bulletin boards. Used boats were all over the place. For two or three thousand dollars you could get a good deal on a small cruiser, but even that was a good chunk of our rainy day reserves

Then I remembered that in the woods not more than 250 yards from my front door was an old fiberglass sailboat, a kit boat built by a former resident. Was it worth a closer look? On a whim I took a walk.

Forlorn is the first and only word that comes immediately to mind when I think back to my closer inspection. The boat was a 21' Luger with a swing keel, perfect for the Chesapeake but she was in sore need of some TLC She sat on two rotted beams surrounded by honeysuckle and junk. Her once white hull and top sides were green with mold, while growing from the center of her cockpit was a maple sapling five feet tall. Could she be saved? I tapped her hull for soft spots. Of course she could. Was I up to the challenge? This would not be easy, but I had been rescuing derelict real estate for years so why not rescue derelict floating real estate? I made up my mind, this pile of FRP and I were going to have a relationship

"Hello Linda? you know that old boat in back of your-father-in-law's place?"

"Yes, we were saving it for our son David, but he doesn't want to sail. Bill and I were just getting ready to run an ad for her in the paper," she replied. "Call back this evening and talk to Bill."

I couldn't believe the luck of my timing, was this a dream?

"Hello Bill, will you take \$300 for that old rotten boat back of your dad's?" I asked with bravado, feigning boat savvy.

"Come on, you know that the hardware on that thing is worth more than \$500." he

"So you'll take \$500? Good. I'll send you a deposit tonight. Do I have permission to board and start work? Great. Thanks." I barely got the words out.

"My wife and I honeymooned on that boat," he said in parting. "And by the way, I drilled about a dozen holes in the hull to let the rainwater drain out."

The holes were there all right, but there were fourteen and their function had been defeated by gunk and slime. When I probed them open, something akin to primordial soup oozed out. I know that I heard the boat sigh a thank you.

By late July the newly renamed Artist's Choice was cleaned up enough to show her to people who cared about my sanity and cleaned up enough that I had to move her from her ten-year parking lot. It's funny how all old eyesores blend into the background, but as soon as you clean up the blight it becomes an attraction. My new toy was also becoming the new toy for all of the neighbor children.

I located an available trailer, jacked up the boat, dropped her onto her new set of wheels, cribbed her, lashed her down and began a nervous sweat as my friend hooked her to his truck and she moved for the first time in ten years.

By now it was August. Sirius was watching. The real work was about to begin. For those of you contemplating a restoration, here's a partial list of what had to be done on my boat: a new hatch cover, a new rudder (old

one lost), rebuild swing keel winch, new cockpit sole, re-bed sheet winches, new washboards, new cabin sole, new running rigging, rebuild boom, rewire the whole boat, clean and resew seat cushions, rebuild motor bracket, find a motor and finally scrape and paint inside and out.

Luckily, the standing rigging was good and the sails had been stored off the boat. Because the boat was almost in my front yard, I was able to heat her and work on her all winter. By May she was ready, it was time for her to move again, this time to her natural environment, water. Arrangements were made with another friend who would deliver her to our club boatyard for launching. The moving day arrived and I was all nerves, I was trusting my hard won makeover to a friend and I couldn't be there to help. Would that old trailer make it to the South Baltimore yard, over the bridge under which the boat would later sail? How would she float? Would she float at all?

I arrived home to find an empty space in front of the house and no messages of disaster on the answering machine. Calling my friend, I got only his answering machine. Shortly thereafter I received his return call. He had been home all along, listening, he just wanted to keep me on the "hot seat." Artist's Choice was in the water, the mast was stepped and all was well.

Small pleasures are often the most memorable. Seeing my lovingly restored boat floating was a wonderful vision. But boarding her at last from a dock, without having to climb a work ladder was fantastic. But I still didn't know how she would sail.

The morning dawned with a promise of fair weather, cool but comfortable. We arrived at the dock at 0700 hours. Four of us crammed into a tiny sedan with all of our gear, three manly men and one loving driver. This was the day! The shakedown from Baltimore to home base, Spa Creek, Annapolis, was 26 miles. First we toasted Neptune, the captain, the crew and then made *Artist's Choice* the official name. Rum at 7:30 AM is a bit stiff. I got a hug and a kiss from the loving driver of the car and we were off.

Underway at last! For the first hour we motored, no air. By 0900 the wind began to fill in, we dropped the swing keel, hoisted sail and killed the motor. It was glorious.

Sixteen miles away the double spans of the Bay Bridge glinted in the emerging sunlight The light wind was from the southeast so we put her on a port tack to clear Bodkin Shoals and headed down the bay. She handled as well as I had hoped she would, responsive with just a little weather helm but nothing to worry about. The running rigging worked faultlessly, except when a halyard got away from an overly exuberant captain and had to be retrieved from a spreader. By 1400 we made the Bay Bridge and an hour later we cleared the drawbridge on Spa Creek and headed to her berth.

What an unbelievable and intense journey that nine months had been. I learned much more about boats than I thought possible, got to meet many new friends and cemented bonds with old ones. Best of all, help was always there when I needed it.

Would I do it again? Of course. And I did! I sold the Luger to a friend and bought another derelict to rehabilitate. Luckily, *Artist's Choice* is only one berth away on Spa Creek, so I can always keep a proud eye on her.

Cantitoe, a once proud sailing craft, arrived from Norway prior to World War II to enter some races. She was sixty-three feet overall and boasted a one-hundred-ten foot mast and fifty-five foot boom. Her planking was fitted so precisely that not a thread of caulking was required. It was held in place by thousands of bronze carriage bolts. Every third rib in her hull was of cast galvanized steel. She carried thirty-three-thousand pounds of lead in her ballast keel.

When the war with Germany began our government needed patrol boats, so my father donated the *Ida Belle*, his forty-two foot party fishing boat, to the war effort. She spent the war years patrolling up and down the east coast keeping a watchful eye out for enemy submarines, or any other maritime threat to our shores.

My father turned to defense work and took a job at the Electric Boat Works near New London, Connecticut where submarines were being built. I joined the Seabees. *Cantitoe* also did her part. She was hauled and the thirty-three-thousand pounds of lead were removed. At that time lead was in short supply and badly needed in the construction of submarines. Because of the removal of her ballast, her mast and rigging also had to be removed.

It was then that my father found her at dockside at Groton, Connecticut. He was in need of living quarters near his work so a purchase was made. Her deck was flush except for a couple of skylights. Below she had crews' quarters forward, two heads, and a galley, and her interior was beautifully finished in polished mahogany. This served my father well and on weekends he would commute back to Newbury, Massachusetts where my mother was tending to my skiff rental business on the Parker River.

As the war was winding to an end, I was home on a ten day leave from the Navy. That week the *Ida Belle* was returned to my father with a note of appreciation from our government and a shiny bronze plaque for the *Ida Belle*. She was sporting a new engine when we boarded her in New London. Her pilot house had been enlarged and she possessed a fresh coat of paint.

We decided, since I had a few days left of my leave, that it would be a good time to run the *Ida Belle* back to Newbury. We didn't want to leave *Cantitoe* behind, so early the next morning we shoved off from Groton with *Cantitoe* in tow. The Navy had removed their radios but had left a long hawser aboard which we need for the tow.

we used for the tow.

As soon as we reached open water we let out more scope. Canitoe followed better than we expected. We were experiencing a gentle chop but soon all hell broke loose. Without her ballast Canitoe began to bob like a cork. She would rise on a swell, then dive into the next one. If the hawser had been nylon it might have held because of its stretch. The large manilla line wasn't up to the strain and soon parted.

We had to ge a line back aboard Cantitoe fast as she was now broadside to the waves and drifting perilously towards the beach. I was elected to make a try for it. I removed my bulky life jacket which I had put on when the easterly blew up. I figured I had to act fast and didn't want a jacket to restrict me. I positioned myself in the bow of Ida Belle with a fight line in hand and held fast. My father navigated our bow towards the port quarter of the

Bringing Home

By Bunny Fernald



rolling Cantitoe where I was to make my jump. It was then that a large wave caught us and lifted the stern of Ida Belle. She ran down the swell and crashed into Cantitoe. I was thrown onto her wet deck, where I slid almost to amidship before I regained control of myself. In the meantime my father had backed off and was now again heading into the waves. He had wrapped the hawser around the pilothouse so he could pull from there and make steering possible.

I crept to Cantitoe's bow on hands and knees still holding onto the light line I had carried aboard. I managed to haul in the hawser and make it fast. We were once again under tow. I now had a chance to look astern to see how close we had come to the pounding surf.

I then made my way to the safety of the cockpit and went below. It looked like a tornado had hit the cabin. Even the Shipmate range had torn loose and was smoldering on the cabin floor. I didn't often get seasick but below was no place for me. The cold salt spray in the cockpit was my choice for the remainder of the trip.

After what seemed an eternity we made the safety of the Cape Cod Canal where we were greeted by an angry Coast Guard. They politely informed us that we had no business out there, especially in such a storm. From there we called home to let my mother know we were safe. After laying over, we were allowed to get on our way by the Coast Guard.

The rest of the trip was easy. We made Gloucester harbor, shortened our towline and I took the wheel of *Cantitoe*. My father headed for the drawbridge. I wouldn't have been concerned had the tide been against us but today

we had to run through the cut with the tide fast enough to have steerageway. My heart started to pound as it looked to me that we didn't have clearance.

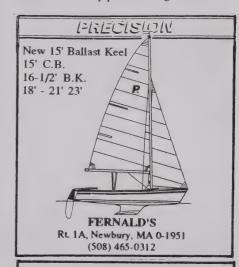
We did make it through at a fast clip with room to spare and through the railroad bridge too. We then headed across Ipswich Bay towards Newburyport. It was late fall and we knew there was no place to haul a boat Cantitoe's size and draft on the Parker. We made it over the bar and through the jetties into Newburyport and pulled alongside a pier where we were greeted by a group of men who had watched our arrival. They helped secure us to the pier. My father looked up into the crowd and his only words were, "Want to buy a sailboat?"

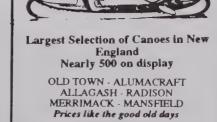
Someione said, "Sure, how much?"

My father said \$100. I couldn't believe it after all we went through and our very close brush with the surf, but the sale was made right there. We cast off the *Ida Belle* and headed up the Parker to our mooring.

I knew what my father had in mind when he sold *Cantitoe*. It was time to head south where he had another boat and an excursion business out of Pass-a-Grille, Florida. *Ida Belle* was hauled on our railway, my folks headed south and I boarded a train for Seattle where I was to join the crew of the *USS Grand Canyon*, a brand new destroyer tender.

I later heard that *Cantitoe* wasn't hauled. She broke loose and was caught in an ice floe in the Merrimac River. Later she was fitted with two smaller masts and again was caught in an easterly. She bounced over the Ipswich bar and came to her final resting place on Crane's Beach. At times you can still see parts of her hull protruding above the sand. A sad end to a once very proud sailing vessel.



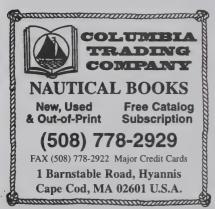


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I wanted to write about my experiences this past summer organizing and running a summer youth employment program in Hartford, Connecticut. Not just any program, but one in which we built boats. As I undertook to write this I was aware that is is hard for me to begin something which has great meaning to me. I can easily start those things that don't mean much, it's the things that grab me deeply that I put off. My choice was to stay safe and bored or take a risk and go through fright.

So here is how my summer went. I've always been a wooden boat nut, a dreamer of voyages in snug little vessels, and I've always liked working with kids. So in the summer of 1994 when I read an article in WoodenBoat magazine about a wooden boat building program in Washington, DC run by Joe Youcha, I got inspired. I decided that Hartford, historically one of the less exciting cities on the planet, was a place in need of boats.

I called Craig Mergens at Riverfront Recapture, Inc., a non-profit outfit dedicated to reminding people of the existence of the Connecticut River, and fostering its use and care. I told Craig what I wanted to do and he said yes. Not only yes, but he would locate fund-





Summer Youth Boatbuilding in Hartford

By David Gilroy

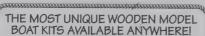
What I did not know at the time was that Riverfront Recapture, Inc. had in the past run a boatbuilding program, the "Riverfront Rangers", with inner city kids. Chris Cox down at Mystic seaport had pushed for the idea and asked the late John Gardner to design a boat for the program. John took up the cause and for a few summers downtown Hartford rang with the sounds of an activity last seen there about one hundred years ago. Insurance executives came by daily to see how the boats were progressing and inner city kids who were usually invisible were now the experts explaining the process.

For the 1995 season we had some new challenges. We had a location in which to work during the day but nothing could be left there overnight. For the month of June we hustled to get help and materials and to figure out how to build two eighteen foot Chamberlain gunning dories and keep them portable the whole

During this time I also began wondering what I was getting myself into in terms of working with inner city teenagers. Hartford, after all, in recent years has endured paroxysms of violent gang activity. I had visions of asking my charges each morning to stack their

firearms before work

By the fourth of July many of these questions had either been answered or we had gone on to new questions. My able assistant Jennifer Strniste and I found volunteers, Mary-Liz Sullivan and Keith Wahl. Together we got materials at reduced rates from area businesses and we figured out a construction process. Most importantly, we began.





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It became immediately apparent that my fears of gang inspired mutiny were ill-founded. The kids were kids. They blossomed, or at least sprouted, in the presence of steady respectful adult attention. Some were already fairly skilled, some needed more time. Each day we appointed a different "foreperson" who was in charge of a growing list of responsibilities as the six weeks progressed. By the end everyone had had the experience of leading the rest, even the shyest ones who initially wanted no part of it.

I hesitate to say we invented the construction process but it was certainly new to me. We built a strongback assembly and bolted it to a boat trailer. We then built the boats one at a time upside down. At the end of each workday we had to be sure all parts were either glued, screwed or lashed down tight enough to withstand a thirty mile round trip to my place of work, then home for the night, then back to the boatbuilding site next morning. This worked well except for one horrifying moment when I glanced at my rear view mirror in rush hour traffic. Although still lashed on, the half-finished boat had slid sideways off the strongback about ninety degrees to starboard. Better lashing prevailed from then

Many other adventures occurred, the natural result of mixing boatbuilding, crowds of onlookers and a large highly spirited group of fourteen and fifteen year olds. Already many of these are pleasantly starting to fade into the mists of my selective memory. We met some very interesting people who came to observe our work. One businessman in Hartford for a day told us about how his father was captain of the last working fishing schooner in this country so he naturally wanted to see our dories. Other people became regulars, stopping by daily to ask questions and watch.

The high point of the summer was launching day. I was surprised at the amount of community attention we drew and the kids basked in it. There were newspaper reporters and couple of television crews on hand to record the ceremony, at which the mayor of Hartford, Mike Peters, christened our first boat. One of the young women in our crew, in her first television interview, expressed profound amazement that a boat which she helped build actually floated.

After all was said and done and the last chips swept up, I would say the program was a great success. These fourteen kids got to learn some good skills and work habits, and more importantly, to see something through. I learned a lot, not least of which is that not every city kid wants to be in a gang. I feel more at home in the city in which I have worked for a long time.

Riverfront Recapture will be running this boatbuilding progam again this summer. The boat envisioned will be a 32' bateau type to involve the maximum number of youth in building and in rowing it in events with youth teams from Hull and the River School.

A position is open for a paid assistant 30 hours a week for 6 weeks in Hartford, Somebody pretty flexible who likes kids (14 year olds) and knows basic boatbuilding should call me at (860) 658-9972.

For other information on this program call Craig at Riverfront Recapture, 860-293-0131).

Solar Sailing

By Pete Stevenson

All sailing is actually solar sailing, of course. Without the power of the sun to heat and move the wind around, we'd be sitting at the dock in our sailboats for a pretty long time. But recently we've been playing around with a new kind of solar sailing that lets us get a lot more fun out of our sailboat than we were expecting. It uses PV-panels to charge gel-cels which, in turn, drive the electric motor which is mounted on a pivot-down arm. So we're just a tug on the release lanyard away from having instant, quiet power any time we want it.

There's nothing startlingly new in any of our components, but the layout is so quick and easy to use that it's taught us some new truths about electric motoring on the water. And the most surprising was that the more convenient and surefire we made the system, the less we

seemed to use it. I'll explain.

We first came across this phenomenon on our 36-footer we made from composites. It had a bi-pod mast, a fully-battened, boomless mainsail, twin jib rigs on roller furling, kick-up leeboards that tucked into little fender skirts and a whole lot of other experiments, some of which worked better than we expected, and others which didn't.

The point is, with a seagoing test-bed like this, we were nervous as cats about how it would actually perform on launch day. There were so many new systems to worry about, I didn't know where to start as I tossed and turned through the night before the launch. Finally, I tried to focus the worry on the most important thing I could think of: whether it would point to windward and claw its way off

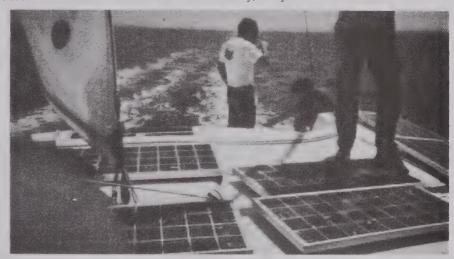
a lee shore in a stiff breeze. We hadn't gone a quarter mile after pushing off from the dock on launch day before we were slamming into a stiff breeze up a narrow channel with big, flesh-eating rip-rap rocks waiting for us on the downwind side. It was time to see if she could claw off a lee shore, sure enough. A crowd gathered like vultures on the jetty to watch the bloodshed as we threw our fates to the wind and plunged in. Might as well get it over with right away was the theory, Gradually the conversation went very quiet as every one of the crew, on his own, lined up a landmark with some part of the rigging to sight along and find out if we were gaining or losing (if we were going to crash or not). A boat designer friend was on board and was particularly silent as we all nervously squinted and sighted. Finally we began to exchange tentatively hopeful glances. The boat was actually going to windward like a witch, and the boat designer admitted the big cat was pointing better than his monohull would have.

Relief poured out in the form of celebration beers, and we toasted our bright new boat and waved to all the nice people on the jetty who kept waving back more and more as we plowed to windward. They were trying (we found out a few moments later) to warn us that we were shooting straight for the mud flats after missing the turn in the channel.

We found out soon enough when everything ground to a sudden stop. Trying to look as unflustered as possible, we lowered the two electric motors on their swing-down arms so they could propel us to hell out of there. They did this, bouncing obligingly along the bottom until we got free. Instant electrics to the

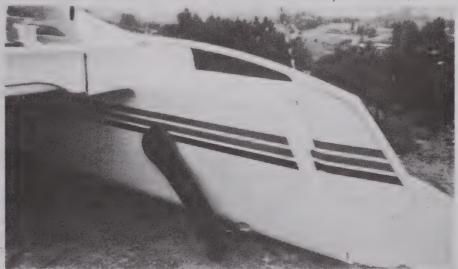


Our Big Experiment. The A-Frame Mast? Worked well upwind, was under rigged for downwind speed. The Electric Motors? Very handy, smooth, dependable, but in our set-up, undersized. The Double Roller-Furled Headsails? Handy, costly.



Panels, panels everywhere, and not a drop of a winch-handle allowed. Actually, the tempered glass P-V's proved to be very tough. We've walked across them regularly at night and haven't broken one yet. Panels are mounted up above deck level for cooling air circulation. Power output goes up a lot when the panels are cool. Cooling's almost as important as orientation (and a lot easier to rig than a tracker).

The pivot-down thruster on the 36-footer. Most people thought the unit was a gear-drive, not realizing the lump at the bottom was the submersible motor. This one was a "3-horse" Minkota which didn't take to salt water well. Most motors aren't hard to take apart and de-rust, however.



rescue!

The next test on my list of ordeals was to see how well this new rig layout on top these new hulls would tack into the wind. I threw over the helm, she started making her U-turn and then stopped right in the middle. We frantically backed the jibs, shouted a bit and got her underway again, going the same way we were before. It might take some careful sailing to get this boat to tack, I began to realize. We tried again, more carefully this time, and failed again. We tried this system and that theory, but nothing seemed to do it.

We tried everybody shouting at once, we tried making each guy captain so his timing instincts could be followed down to the second, we tried swinging wide, we tried cutting it sharp. Whatever we tried, the results were the same. It would swing her noses up into the wind and then stop and sit there bobbing like a brainless hobbyhorse. We could "wear ship" and go around the other way, of course. But that was embarrassing and took up a lot of harbor. So, finally I pulled the lanyard and dropped the motor on the downwind hull, turned it on, she zapped around pretty as you please and we took off on the next tack.

Since both the lanyard and the twist throttle were hidden away sort of out of sight, it was a very discrete maneuver. In fact, if you pointed out some landmark of interest while you were doing it, even people on board were unaware that you were using the motor to tack the boat (or "power-tack" as we called it to give it a touch of legitimacy).

We got used to power-tacking, and eventually got so brazen about it, that we'd sally

right on up in the lee of a parked aircraft carrier until we could read the bosun's newspaper, then quietly drop the motor, zip around and shoot out of there like we knew what we were up to. Following one of these showoff tacks, I was gathering my wits while the sails were quieting down after the tack when I realized that I hadn't raised the motor. I went to pull on the lanyard and saw that the motor was already up. I asked who had raised the motor, but nobody came clean. Then I looked at the motor and saw it was dry. I'd not only forgotten to raise it, I'd forgotten to use it at all. But somehow the boat had tacked! Curious looks of awe stole across our faces as we, one by one, realized what this meant. The boat, for the first time in its career had made a clean and neat tack, and nobody had even noticed

That, it turned out, was the system. The boat would tack only if you were concentrating on something else altogether. We tried it again, pulling into a tack and then getting into a deep conversation or studying the scenery really hard, and the boat tacked like clockwork. But the point of all this is that we never would have learned how to manage the boat if we hadn't had a very convenient, and ultra dependable motor system that we could sort of forget existed, until we didn't need it anymore.

Later we tried putting a similar, scaled-down version of the swing-down electric power unit on our little 16-foot friendship sloop, the *Weekender*. It's an easy boat to tack or do about anything with, but we thought we'd make it a little more convenient to get on the trailer by sticking the same sort of elec-

tric set-up we had on the 36-footer.

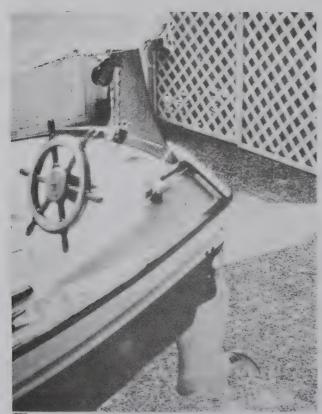
Again, we rigged it on a faired-strut that could swing down when we released a lanyard. The throttle this time was run by foot, which made cheating with electric power even harder to spot by the guys you leave behind, fiddling with their sails to make their boats go straight upwind like ours.

Eventually, as you'd expect, we began to use this ultra quick and convenient setup for other maneuvers than just docking. If there were a particularly expensive boat we wanted to leave in the dust (courtesy of the quiet electric afterburner), or if everybody else was having to tack back and forth up a long, narrow channel, we'd just suddenly move out in the right direction with angelic looks on our faces.

But most of all, we liked the thought that with absolutely no fuss, noise or embarrassment, in an emergency we could get a magic push in the right direction in seconds. It made us into bold sailors, unafraid of currents under bridges or approaching destroyers. And the curious thing was that, with this extra measure of confidence, we hardly ever actually had to use the motor. The extra ace in the hole was making us sail more confidently and challengingly. As a result, we were getting into fewer and fewer botched situations and eventually learning to sail reasonably smoothly out of all sorts of tight spots, enjoying not using the motor.

With a power system that takes absolutely no time to put into action, you don't have to fire it up the minute a threat appears on the horizon just to make sure it'll be warmed up and ready to use in time. You can put it off

An electric installation on a Weekender. The tube to the motor has been faired-in, cutting drag around the mounting pipe way down. The stock Lexan prop, though tuned for low-speed trolling maneuvering works fine for a sailboat, giving lost of thrust for emergencies, but plateauing off at speed for economic cruising at 4-5 knots. A 32-pound thruster would work fine.





and see what develops. Then you find out nine time out of ten that you don't need it after all. If you had to fire up early, you'd go ahead and use it to be on the safe side (since it's already running and it's silly not to use it once it's running) and then never find out the way to sail out of the situation.

Another advantage we really enjoy about solar sailing is that now we can go evening sailing, riding those last zephyrs of twilight when the water's calm, without having to row home or having to start up a balky, smelly, noisy outboard to ruin the mood.

We wanted to make the charging system easy and convenient, too, so we used the same sort of solar panel/charge controller system we used on the big boat. On it we had fourteen 51-watt panels so everything always seemed to be charged up. In fact, once the batteries were charged we were just throwing away solar power if we didn't turn on the stereo, the blender, the lights and everything.

But there was no space on the little friendship for panels, so we rigged two on a folding frame for use when the boat was parked at anchor or in the driveway. With our previous little 12-foot solar power catamaran bass boat, we found the charge level to be almost always a pleasant surprise. We couldn't figure this out until we started looking at it as a ratio between actual minutes sitting in the sun (in the driveway, on the freeway, stopping to get doughnuts, etc.) to the actual minutes of use. Then we began to see why we could trim down from four to two panels on the little powercat and still have plenty of battery charge. On a sailboat the ratio is a joke. If you're sailing most of the time and hardly ever using the motor, the panels will keep the batteries up with no problem just hooking them up once in awhile in the driveway. And the charge controller makes it a lot easier than using an auto battery charger to "tank-up."

We stuffed a couple of gel-cels on their side under the cockpit seats for a 24-volt system, which has plenty of punch and is well within the Coast Guard's 50-volt limit for boats. We used a 45-pound thrust trolling motor which has more than enough push for sailboats under twenty feet. We removed the motor controller handle and cut the mounting pipe. Then we glassed tapered 1 x 4's to the front and rear of the pipe to fair it in and provide a pivot hole. It's important to fair in this pipe because it has terrific drag at sailboat speeds without the fairing. We drilled a hole through one of the seat fronts near the bottom and poked the control handle through this so we could kick it into action with a flick of the

The stock prop for the trolling thruster turns out to be pretty usable. It has a lot of takeout torque if you need to get out of trouble, but then it tends to plateau at about four to five knots. You lose a higher top speed that the motor could pull, but you get good efficient running at very usable speeds. And the electric power system does make it a snap to get it onto the trailer, too (the reason we put it on in the first place). We think this simple solar/electric system can make any sailboat into a machine you simply won't hesitate about going anywhere with. Plus, with the solar panel recharge, you're still cruising on the quiet power of the sun, even when the sails are down.

Stevenson Products, P.O. Box K, Del Mar, CA 92014.



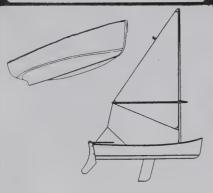
For a light boat like a Weekender (about 600 pounds) a 45-pound thruster is almost too much power. Electric motors on boats automatically use more amps when extra drag is induced (like a headwind or pulling a second boat) so speed doesn't really go down noticeable. The amp draw just goes up.

The first four-panel installation on the 12-footer (later reduced to two). The boat went over 25 miles on four batteries, at the usual 5 knots. (All electrics seem to do about five for distance runs.)





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You Missed the Boat



I think you missed the boat by not including catamarans in your review of trimarans. I don't think the gentle readers of this magazine should be limited to either one hull or three hulls. I take issue with your statement, "I tend to think of them (catamarans) in terms of the beach cats, the Hobie types, which are very high performance sailing machines requiring youthful skills and energy to master." When you say "Hobie types" I assume you are referring to the Hobie 16' and 14' which are probably in the top ten for numbers of production sailboats built. These boats don't maneuver very well, hate to tack and are re-

ally only fast on a reach.

Probably one of the easiest boats to sail is an A Class catamaran. Though harder to

is an A Class catamaran. Though harder to learn than say an Optimist pram or Sunfish, it's not much harder and the learning curve is much steeper due to its far greater speed when sailed correctly. You do not need to sail an A Class, or any other cat for that matter, with a trapeze. That said, it's just a lot more fun with one and doesn't require great physical strength or agility. A Class rules, as I recall are, 18' length, 150 sq. ft. sail area, and 7.5' beam. This is a one person unirig (mainsail only) racing class, however, that never stopped me from loading it up with kids, girls, geezers, dogs, food, beer and camping gear, although not all at the same time. What should also appeal to your readers is the fact that they are relatively easy and fast boats to build in tortured plywood that weigh about 200 pounds total. I believe Gougeon Bros. sells plans.

Here's what's remembered of a little multihull ditty called "Ode to the Multihull sailor." I believe it's from the Queensland Multihull Club, Australia. I first heard this in the early '70's, being sung either during or immediately after a barley therapy session. The last word of each line is emphasized with in-

creasing vigor:

We're coming, we're coming our brave little band, on the right side of sailing we do take a stand

We never crawl 'round the foredeck on our hands and knees, we always sail upright when we're on the breeze.

We never use engines, because we do think, that those who use engines are likely to

We never use gimbals or any such trash, the things in our galley don't ever go <u>crash</u>.

We never use ballast because we do think, that those who use ballast are likely to sink.

I am also enclosing a review of my own boat, which I consider an excellent coastal cruiser, the Stiletto 27 catamaran.

Doc Shuter, Glasco, NY

My Stiletto 27

By Doc Shuter

"What kind of airplane is that?" A typical question when stopping for gas while towing a Stiletto 27. Fortunately, gas stops aren't too frequent with a Stiletto in tow. While towing the boat to Florida and back, our van's normal 19-20 mpg dropped to 17 mpg. Not bad for a 27' x 14' (expanded) boat that you can live on for months at a time as we have. The Stiletto telescopes down to 8' wide on the trailer.

One reason they tow easily is because they are built like an airplane. Stilettos built prior to 1984 were built of epoxy pre impregnated fiberglass with a Nomex honeycomb core, hi-tech even by today's standards. The downside is that honeycomb cores aren't known for their impact resistance, but I've crunched our boat hard several times without a puncture or delamination. Our boat, which we consider an ideal coastal cruising/sailing machine is the "deluxe" or SE, model weighing about 1600 pounds. The standard model weighs about 1200 pounds.

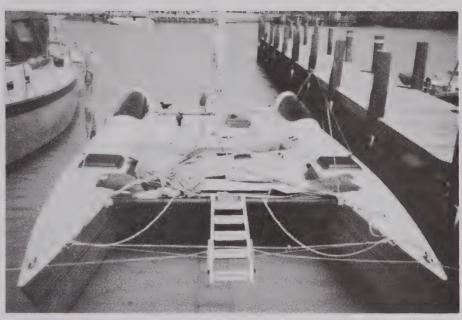
Although I've read and heard that Stilettos have been set up and in the water in as little as 45 minutes by two people, it takes the Admiral and I a good half day to set up or take down. I'm working on trailer and trampoline modifications to get us geezers closer to the

45 minute set up time.

There is a 'hard' cockpit (8' x 9') aft of the mast in addition to the walkable trampoline (7.5' x 8') forward of the mast. The port hull is reserved for the captain/bottlewasher. It consists of three berths, the port-a-potty and navigation station. The starboard hull is reserved for the Admiral/chef. It contains two berths and galley (sink & campstove). When cruising we carry 20 gallons of water. The berths are big enough to have fun in, but not sleep side by side in (we sleep head to head with plenty of room). The queen size air mattress we carry fits perfectly in the cockpit footwell. Of course, the trampoline is pretty comfy on calm nights. With the boom tent up (two people, ten minutes) the Stiletto has more enclosed area than just about any 27' sailboat and even I (6'4") can stand up in part of it. So in some ways she's a plush cruiser (we almost bought aluminum rocking chairs, but nah, too decadent)

Well, all this stuff is fine and well, but how does she sail? Heh, heh, now we're getting to the good part. In most conditions on most points of sail, if you're in the 'right gear,' she'll be either slightly above or below wind speed. Although technically a 3/4 sloop, with the addition of the optional reacher (that most Stilettos have), it's more like a 7/8 cutter. The reacher on the Stiletto is a bit of a misnomer. as you can carry it and the jib right up to a beat. Shifting 'gears' is pretty easy if the reacher is on a roller furling drum. The tack of the reacher (and spinnaker) is attached between the bows to a wire traveler that's controlled from the cockpit. Offwind you can put the tack toward the windward bow to catch more wind. Upwind you can slide the tack to leeward to open up the 'slot.' The optional masthead spinnaker (that some Stilettos have) is asymmetrical, can be carried up to a close reach (due to the movable tack). No poles are required, and with a Chutescoop it's fairly easy to set and retrieve.

With her relatively high freeboard and



somewhat protected cockpit, she tends to be a dry sailer The daggerboard slot (located just aft of the mast) does tend to spit when she goes into "overdrive," but two well-placed sponges will cure this naughty habit. The single daggerboard (4' draft) and lack of winches makes tacking through a crowded harbor as easy as if you were in a dinghy, a really huge dinghy. Actually, she tacks pretty easily even without the daggerboard or jib. The only time you have to really concentrate on your tacking is in ultralight air. Yes, you'll find yourself sailing when the monohulls have resorted to the polluting wind.

This brings us to the subject of full batten sails which most multihulls have. In very light air they are both a pain and a savior. A savior because the sail maintains its airfoil shape, but a pain to 'pop' the battens on every tack. One 'pops' the battens by lifting the boom to leeward and then pulling the boom smartly to windward and down. In heavier air (monohull light air), full length battens become self-popping. The full batten sail also sets better, reefs easier and you can slow, stop, or heave to in any wind without the sail trying to destroy itself. A few years ago they finally started appearing on cruising monohulls.

A catamaran's best speed is of course with the weather hull just clear of the water. This makes the captain sing and shout, but makes the Admiral scream and pout. Needless to say, we don't get to fly a hull as often as the captain would like. In our only race to date, with both hulls firmly fixed in the water, we beat an F-24. We were passing each another until I kicked up one of the rudders. Stilettos steer just fine using one rudder.

The Stiletto will sail in as little as three feet of water with stock rudders. We have a modified set that allows us to sail in two feet of water. The rudders are picked up just like a Hobie Cat's, by moving the tillers up and down. She can be maneuvered under power (human or otherwise) in less than a foot of water, drawing 10" fully loaded for cruising. Our boat came with a Yamaha four-stroke 9.9, which pushes her about 7 knots. I think she would do about 10 knots with more pitch in the prop. She's revved out about two-thirds throttle, someday I'll try one. I hate

'overboards' but I have to say, this is one sweet, quiet, fuel efficient engine. Even so, we carry paddles.

Four hundred fifty-four Stiletto 27's were produced from 1976 to 1986. Stiletto also produced a 23' (large beach cat) and 30' (stretched and widened 27', not trailerable). All parts are available for these boats, and the factory support and service is superb. Prices for the 27' range from less than \$10,000 to over \$20,000. It's a lot of boat for the money if you ask me. Multihulls Magazine (617-328-8181) usually has several for sale. Stiletto (Andy and Ron Nicol) always have good ones for sale or broker, they can be reached at 813-484-0479.





Techniques, Tools, Ideas...

Brace Yourself It's About Oars Again

By Neil Wilson

Recent issues of Boats have carried discussions by Jim Thayer, Dennis Bradley and others about the mechanics of forces acting on oars. Questions of where the fulcrum is and of classes of levers have been introduced. Come on, guys. You're making it too compli-

Although many of them never learned to row, engineers have learned pretty early in school of a useful concept called the "free body diagram". It treats problems such as the oar without the existence of fulcra or classes of levers, using basic laws of mechanics.

All that is needed is to visualize a body, such as an oar, isolated in space with force arrows whose direction and location are indicative of all the actual forces acting on it. If this body is either motionless or moving at constant velocity (i.e., not accelerating or decelerating) then two laws of mechanics apply. (1) The sum of forces, taking direction into account, is zero. (2) The sum of moments (force times distance) about ANY point, again taking direction into account, is zero.

In the oar example, with forces at handle, pin and blade, presumably the first of these is known. So with two unknowns and two equations, assuming you can do algebra, you are home free. The point about which moments are calculated can be anywhere. It doesn't even need to be on the oar. It could be a mile away. Try it with numbers and see. And kiss fulcra good-bye

Maybe at this point we should consider the conceptual advantage of the double paddle. In most cases the gluteal muscle is too large and squishy to permit any precise fulcral point to be identified. Thus the problem, as engineers like to say, is indeterminate. This forestalls arguments.

Brie Craft Oars

By Gard Callahan

For some time now, we have wanted to offer, in addition to our traditional line of wooden guideboat oars, a truly modern, inno-

Our preliminary goals were several, including a lightweight, exceptionally strong and durable oar, one that is highly efficient and maintenance free.

We required a genuinely modern oar, one with a universal application and a low price, that easily meets your budget.

It features an all new, computer designed rowing blade with an asymmetrical cupped pattern. It is similar to the newest, state-of-the-

art kayak double paddles.

The blade is installed on a black anodized aluminum oar shaft. Standard vinyl handles can be augmented with optionally available, traditionally shaped hardwood handles. The outcome is a superior and comfortable rowing tool.

The rowlock pins used in a non-feathering environment, clamp to the outside of the oars. The pins fit most standard and Adirondack Guideboat, gunwale mounted hardware. Because they are easily and infinitely adjustable, you can change the inboard to outboard shaft length ratios to exactly suit your needs. Your hand overlap can be changed and your outboard leverage is now your choice of the day.

For those of you who enjoy using feathering oars, we offer a new product, the "Quiet Oar." This is a neoprene sleeve that slides over the oar shaft, acting as both a leather and button. This enables you to use the oars with traditional open or closed horns, or thole pins.

A clamp on "D" adapter is available for the adjustable rowlocks of the sliding seat enthusiasts.

A two piece break-down design is an

available option. In addition to a smaller storage solution, it enables the overall length to be adjustable in four inch increments, up to one foot in length.

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This distinct innovation easily accords you longer distances, higher speeds and less

Feathering or pinned, dinghy to sculling lengths, sliding or fixed seats, these oars are a major innovation for any of your pulling boats.

More on Mirrors



By Daniel G. Drath

Some say rowing is a lot like life. You get a view of where you have been, and it is really hard to see where you are going.

So with my new 15-foot skiff I set about rowing to restore the soul. Very soon it became clear I had to find a way maintain a lookout. First I tried twisting around mostly using the neck. This works all right, although my neck would get stiff and the practice interrupted the nice regular pattern of serious rowing. On the busy Alameda Estuary on the weekend, it was hard to get in more than half a dozen strokes before needing to check again

Isn't this what mirrors are for? I searched the literature and asked friends. I had no luck on finding a recommended solution.

My first experiment was to try the small mirror used by bicyclists that is attached to eye glasses. This worked fairly well. I got used to it very quickly and found that by moving my head correctly I could keep track of traffic around me and pick a point in the distance and row toward it. On the down side, the plastic holder and eyeglass attachment mechanism was very fragile. It was troublesome to attach to my eyeglass frame and it required storage in a protective container. It was also expen-

My second experiment was to mount a concave mirror right on the gunwale, just aft of the oar lock. This was a much more robust arrangement. The only drawback was that about half my view in the mirror was the interior of my own boat. Raising the mirror about nine inches off the gunwale, however, was

The photo shows the final arrangement. I used a bicycle mirror, the type that fits into the end of the handlebars. This mirror has adjustment in two planes so it can be pointed correctly after its mounting holder is attached to the boat. While rowing I find my natural head movement through the stroke permits an easy scan of the area ahead of me in a field of view of about 60 degrees.

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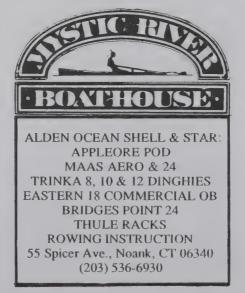
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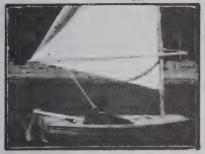
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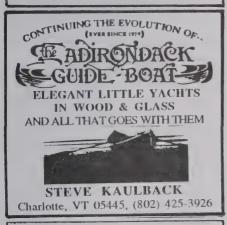


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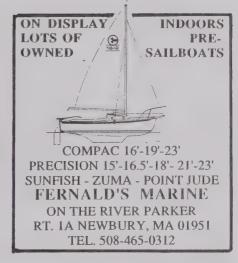
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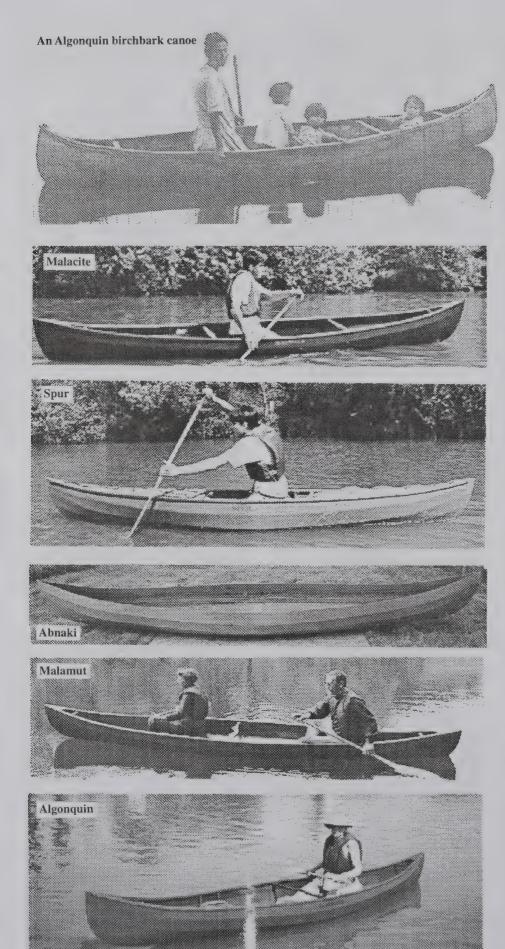
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26

Canoe Designs

By Alan Bridges

Over the years that I have been building and paddling canoes, I have developed a great respect for native American birchbark designs, which I have tried to reflect in the lines of my own canoes. The end of the birchbark era marked a zenith in canoe design, especially those of the Algonquin and Malacite tribes. Since then, in my own opinion, canoe design has regressed, which is why I have chosen to draw upon the legacy of five thousand years research and development that these craftsmen have left us.

The following designs are built from 4mm marine ply, using the well-tried stitch and tape technique. All models have V bottoms, four planks per side, and with the exception of the Spur, have tumblehome sides. Prototypes have been thoroughly tested and the descriptions accurately reflect each canoe's capabilities.

Malacite: Definitely for the committed solo paddler. Straight keel line for most of its length, with tumblehome for easy paddling. Enough capacity for even a heavy paddler and lots of gear. Good for long distance trips with the minimum of effort. A fast solo tourer that can be used with "sit and switch" or traditional style paddling. Length 15', Beam 29", Depth 13", Bow Height 21".

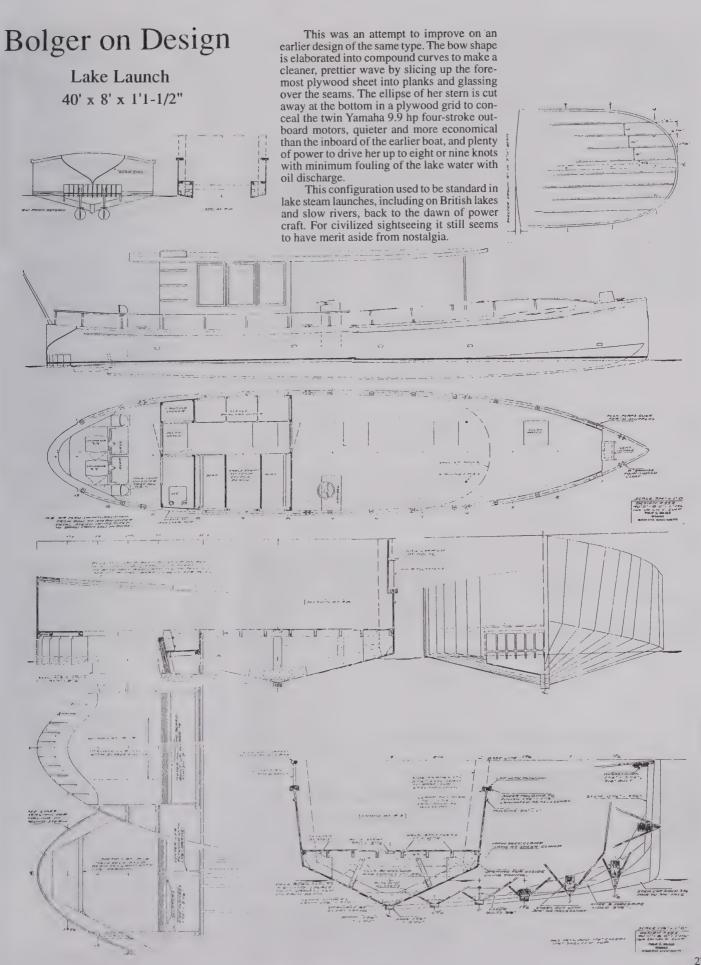
Spur: A whitewater fun boat that responds immediately to the paddle. Its heavily rockered keel line and flared sides make it capable of performing all the modern whitewater moves and staying dry. Use with full airbag system and foam kneeling pedestal. For serious white water, use epoxy resin instead of polyester, giving the entire outer hull two coats. Length 12', Beam 30", Depth 13", Bow Height 20".

Abnaki: Designed for running the many tight little rivers here in West Wales during the winter months when the water is high and the fishermen are in hibernation. Its rockered keel makes it manoeuverable, and deep sides and full bows make it a very dry boat. For solo use only. Length 13', Beam 28", Depth 13", Bow Height 21".

Malamut: A stable doubles canoe with a large carrying capacity, slightly rockered keel with a full bow and stern to ride high on choppy water. A good family boat for touring or camping trips. Length 15'2", Beam 31", depth 13", Bow Height 21".

Algonquin: A full bodied fourteen footer, capable of carrying two adults, or as a solo boat for extended camping trips where rough water is likely to be encountered. Slightly rockered keel and high bows make it a dry and manoeuverable canoe. Length 14'2", Beam 30", Depth 12", Bow Height 22".

Interested readers are invited to request my catalog by air mail. Alan Bridges, Birch Creek, Cenarth, Dyfed, Wales SA38 9JU, UK.





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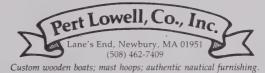








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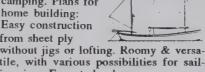


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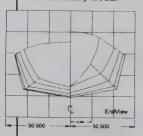
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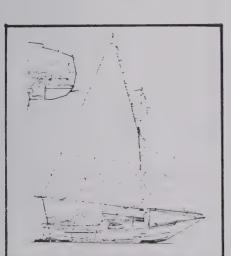
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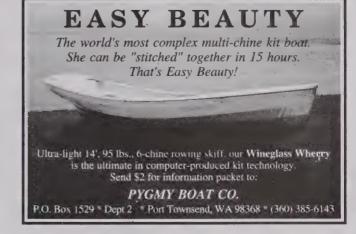
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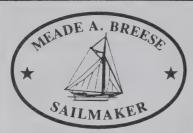
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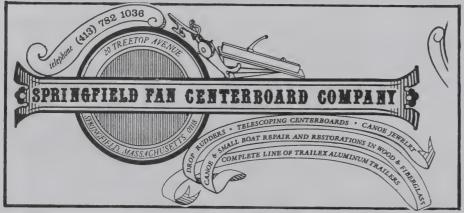
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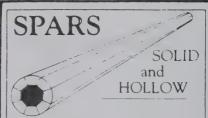
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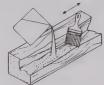
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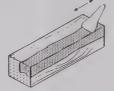


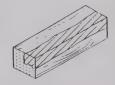












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17' Swampscott Dory, '94, compl sailrig, 9' spruce oars, custom cover & trlr. All in exc cond. \$5,500. \$4,500 wo/trlr.

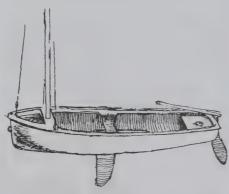
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Beetle, Concordia, '82. Vy fine cond & fully found w/2 suits sails, cockpit & sail covers, recent deck canvas & CB, all modern & orig hrdwre. Must see to apprecaite. \$4,500.

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J.R. TAMSKY, 241 Sisson Rd., Harwich (Cap Cod), MA 02645, (508) 432-6716. (2)

13'8" Melonseed Skiff, '91 Roger Crawford blt. Exc cond. Asking \$4,000 OBO. DAVID CROSBY, Osterville, MA, (508) 428-6690. 21' Sea Pearl, '89, vy gd cond. Water ballast, galv trlr, spare tire, convertible top, anchor, new canvas cover, motor mount, cushions & PFD's, oars, teak trim, shoal draft, navy blue hull. Quick to rig & suitable for solo or family sailing. Must sell. Will deliver within reasonable distance.

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32' Holland Lobster Cruiser, '81, Royal Lowell custom designed, yacht quality finish. 318 Chrysler FWC, Walters V-drive, low hrs, 13kts @ 5.75gph. Slps 2+, galley w/AC/DC refrig, elec/alc stove, head, Loran, VHF, DF, Halon, fume detectors, drop canvas. Exc cond. \$58,900.

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18' Hobie Cat, w/Magnum wings and trlr. Vy fast, sport sailing at its best. Compl w/2 sets of sails: \$1,600. Also Hobie 18 Mast & Boom, w/all shrouds except forestay: \$325. Sailing Surfboard, home blt w/like-new Sunfish sail. Compl & ready to go. \$225. DICK MARTIN, PO Box 52, Newbury, NH 03255, (603) 763-2464. (3)

Black Skimmer, Bolger leeboard sharpie. Vy gd cond, blt '78. Mahogany ply throughout, spruce spars. '87 Johnson 8hp, tandem trlr. Many other accessories. \$6,500 OBO.

GUS HEDDEN, P.O. Box 32, Tuftonboro, NH 03816, (603) 569-4256 days, (603) 544-2369 eves.



Greenland Kayak, canvas on frame, blt '91 under instruction of Sven Ulstrup. Wood pegged throughout. Extremely strong, light, stable & seaworthy. Paddled in Gulf, Atlantic, Great Lakes, never flipped. Age-related ailment forces sale. \$500 firm. Will discuss delivery.

JOE REISNER, Marshall, MI, (616) 781-6974. (2)



18' Marshall Cat, '82, exc cond, well equipped, 7.5hp Johnson. \$12,000. EDWARD HAWKES, Marblehead, MA, (617) 631-2359. (3)

'54 Century Imperial Sportsman OB Runabout, mahogany, w/40hp Mercury Thunderbolt motor. Wood, hrdwre, controls 100% compl. Nds restoration. Rescued it but no time to restore. Sell for rescue costs. Wood & hrdwre salvage value probably worth more than my price. \$475. DICK HANKINSON, Des Moines, IA, (515) 255-

5517. (3)



15' Sailing Peapod, blt mid-'70's as tender for 3-masted schooner Victory Chimes. Refurbished '94-'95. Perfect cond. New sailing rig, brand new mainsail '95. 2 prs oars & bronze oarlocks. Rows and sails beautifully. Strong, seaworthy downeast classic. \$3,800.00

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17' Hurley Siloutte MarkII Pocket Cruiser, FG keelboat. English, slps 2+2, alcohol galley, porta potty, main & jib, custom cradle/trlr. Located in ME. \$3,500 OBO.

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Steve Clark Inventory Reduction Sale, to pay for recent sojourn to Australia. Sunfish, Barrington frostbite fleet, old sail, gd blades, light hull. \$500. Zephyr, fast sliding seat single ocean shell blt by Vanguard. \$500. Alden Appledore Pod, w/Van Dusen drop-in sliding seat. \$800. 8' Pilot Dinghy, plain vanilla FG dinghy w/oars. \$350. 15' Ocean Racing Rowboat, Clark design, 45lbs, Blackburn veteran '95. \$200. Patient Lady IV, '78 C-Class catamaran, platform only. \$7,000. Patient Lady VI, '85 C-Class catamaran, platform only. \$7,000. X-Wing, '81 C-Class wingsail for either of above. \$7,000. Consulting, sailing lessons & advice on how to use any of the above, \$35/hr.

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25' Searunner Trimaran, 4 sails plus spinaker w/ chute, Nissan 5hp OB, VHF, stove, cockpit tent, dual-axle trlr. See Jan.1 issue, pg 16, for details. \$7,500. Will consider trade for smaller, shoal draft pocket cruiser

DAVE DAWSON, Northampton, PA, (610) 767-7851. (3)

Boston Whaler Menemsha, 17' cuddy cabin version of Montauk, '87 Mariner 90hp electric, '87 galv trlr. Nice package. \$4,995. Folding Canoe, Ally folding pack canoe, like new, 16-1/2' length. \$750. FRANK CLOUSE, Worcester, MA, (508) 791-4766.

Gloucester Gull Dory, blt '93. White, bright trim,

S. GOODCHILD, Gloucester, MA, (508) 282-0604. (3)



5.8 Meter Aleut Baidarka, heat shrink nylon skin over wood & West epoxy, carbon fiber & aluminum frame. Ballast tubes. 18" beam, bifid bow. Vy fast & vy exclusive. \$1,000 OBO. PAUL LABRIE, Lee, NH, (603) 862-3684 days,

(603) 659-2187 eves before 8pm. (3)

22' Sisu Lobster Yacht, '78, 130hp IB, electronics. In water, 45hrs on total rebld. Cuddy cabin, bunk 7'3". \$12,000. 20' Drascombe Lugger, dory yawl, 3 sails, oars, 9,9 Merc. Wonderful seaworthy boat. Trlr. \$4,200.

MARK SHELDON, Gloucester, MA, (508) 283-5383. (3)

16' Roger Crawford Swampscott Sailing/Rowing Dory, Motor well, Ratsey Egyptian cotton spritsail, spruce spars, Shaw & Tenney ash oars, bronze hrdwre, trlr. Vy gd cond. \$3,600. HANS WAECKER, Cliff Island, ME 04019-0006, (207) 766-2684, Fax (207) 766-5972. (3)



'46 Cutter, ext rbld in '88. LOA 23' 10", LOD 22' 0", LWL 17'6", draft 4'0", beam 7'4". Atomic 4. Ready to launch. \$3,500 BO. RICK GODDARD, Sherborn, MA, (508) 653-1386.



31' Pacemaker, Pelican. Sell @ \$9,750 or will take smaller boat towards price or trade even if value approx same. '66 classic FB SF solid mahogany/ oak in gd cond w/well cared for 260hp V8 installed new '83. Slps 4, galley, dual controls, encl head, VHF's, CB, Faths, solar pnls. Seeking sailboat abt 20'-30' or small powerboat w/cuddy. Nd to sell, was grt fun, too big for current nds. Bldg new house inland, 3rd owner,

ED CASS, 122 Stacy Ln., Eliot, ME 03903, (207) 748-0929. (3)

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26' Bolger Design Dugong, 6' beam, 8" draft. Cold molded canoe cruiser w/watertight cabin. Featured in SBJ Aug '81, Cruising World Aug '84, Sail Apr '84 & '85. \$4,900.

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Optimist Sailing Dinghy, ideal boat for young sail-

ors. My kids got too big. \$750. GERARD KIEMAN, White Plains, NY, (914) 946-1649. (3)

'75 Balboa 20 Swing Keel Sloop, w/trlr, '78 5hp Mariner OB, 2 mains & 2 jibs, aluminum spars, large cockpit. Great daysailer,

exceptional cond. \$4,000 OBO.
MIKE MULANEY, Johnston RI, (401) 942-3722. (3)

16' Chestnut Prospector Canoe, w/65sf lateen rig, mahogany leeboards, brass folding rudder w/brass rudder fittings. Useable as is but nds minor repair.

SCOTT LAVERTUE, Springfield, MA, (413) 782-1036. (3)



32' DoubleEnded Sloop, Dutch built longleaf pine on oak, teak decks & cabin trunk. 6.5'draft, 9.5' beam, 6'2" hdrm in traditional cabin layout, 44' mast. 31hp Graymarine gas IB, Aries windvane, dinghy. Must sell to fund master's degree. US \$10,000 OBO TIM MINTER, 2114 Oak St., Palatka, FL 32177, (904) 328-3206. (3)



14' Keiper Hydrofoil Trimaran, (see cover story 4/15) beach boat, assembled & launched by 1 person. Cartop or trlr. Safe & fast. Marine ply/epoxy constr. W/trlr \$2,900. Delivery possible. 10' Auray Punt, w/oars & sail rig. \$350

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 2840 Greeley Ave. Erie, PA 16506, (814) 833-4432. (3)

38' Keel/CB Sloop, Fred Geiger design blt '38 by Morton Johnson. 38' x 30' x 10' x 4' brd up. *Golden* Fleece has exceptional lines w/beautiful woods. It's good therapy to be onboard. Partially restored, rigged in water. Regretfully must sell, no time to finish. \$3,750. Yard fees pd. 31' International Masthead Sloop,blt '60 by top Holland yard. Designed by Robert Henry. 31'x 8'8"x 4'8", exc rig. Nds work, primarily refinishing. Grt potential, beautiful lines. Lying City Island, NY. \$1,500.

JOE FITTIPALDI, Somerset, NJ, (609) 734-9354.

25' Bristol 24, shabby but functional, gd old boat. \$4,000 OBO. **Bolger Dovekie,** hull #23, SS gallows, 2 wooden leebds, orig w/trlr. \$4,000 OBO R.D. ZAHN, 320 Edsam Ave., Pitman, NJ 08071, (609) 589-2407. (3)



17' Rangely Guideboat, Ellis, restored '94 in Rangeley. \$1,600. \$2,000 firm w/58 classic Mercury Mk 10 mint 10hp OB, 60 hrs since new, red/ cream, winterized. OB separate \$750.

CHARLES SMITH, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-3971. (3)



Swedish Blt Powerboat, FG version of traditional lapstrake hull, blt sturdily mid '70's. Full keel, 18'9" LOA, 7'6" beam, 2'6" draft. Volvo MD1B IB diesel. Canvas cockpit cover, vee-berths, cockpit cushions, sliding chart/dining table, storage under berths. Compl w/recent Load Rite trlr. Vy unusual vessel, pride of any fleet.

GEORGE MARCUS, Noank, CT, (860) 572-9188.

21' Florida Bay Hen, cat-ketch rig, nicely equipped, hvy duty tilt trlr, cockpit cushions, lights & fan in cabin, spacious cockpit, teak trim. Grt shoal draft camper-cruiser. All exc cond. \$4,800. ARTHUR TILLEY, Vero beach, FL, (407) 234-

1218. (2)



30' MacKenzie Bass Boat, '71 raised deck, shelter cabin, w/canvas ventilating windshields. Repowered 5/93 w/twin Crusaders, 350 Thermo-Electron w/120 hrs. VHF, CB, DS, fume alarm, auto battery charger, 2 new bilge blowers, 2 12v fans, 2 anchors & rodes, all CG equipment. Bottom completely refastened & caulked 9/94. Gd cond throughout, kept in water in covered slip yr round most of its life. Asking \$14,500. 15' Marshall Sandpiper Catboat, '77 cuddy model. Lt blue decks, tanbark sail, sail cover, cockpit cover, foam flotation in bow, life preservers, bumpers, fire extinguisher, removeable running lights, anchor & rode, OB bracket, 5hp OB, trlr w/ new tires & bearings. \$4,500. BOB REDDINGTON, 235 Lake Ave., Bay Head,

NJ 08742-4756, (908) 295- 1590. (2)



20' Lowell Sea Skiff, blt '73, exc cond, w/Cox dbl axle trlr. No motor. \$2,900 OBO. GENE HICKEY, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157.

'49 Old Town 18' HW Canoe, fully restored, new canvas, seat caning, gunwales. High & dry for 25 vrs. \$1,400.

CHRIS TIRRELL, Dalton, MA, (203) 434-3766 aft 6pm, (413) 684-0641 wknds. (3)

Sweet Pea Partial Kit, Platt Monfort design. Kit incl kevlar roving, dacron skin, epoxy, plans & manuals. Still in box, boat never blt. Too many other projects. \$60. Will ship. JOHN FISKE, Wakefield, MA, (617) 246-1338. (3)



13' Capri Cyclone, FG, fun & fast. Trlr & boat gd cond. \$1,000 or trade for comparable rowing, sailing, dory, dinghy.

L. ERNST, Howell, MI, (517) 548-2781. (3)

13' Sebago OB Runabout, '52 twin cockpit, vy gd cond. \$450. 11'6'' Double Paddle Canoe, ultralight glued lapstrake Tom Hill design. Exc. \$495. 16' Alcar Fisherman, blt in MA, one of the best semi-vee center consoles made. On galv trlr w/new wheels & tires. '90 Mariner OB used once or twice annually. \$3,800. Windward 15' Sailboat Hull, plywood, brand new, w/plans & 1/4" deck plywood for finishing. \$275.

BOB WADON, Randolph, MA, (617) 963-2036. (3)

Catboat Serendipity, 17' Wittholz cruising design, Marston blt '60. Selling w/all gear needed to race or cruise incl 7.5 Evinrude, Pilot dinghy, Shoreline trlr. \$6,500 OBO.

JOHN BOGEAERT, 8 Meadowwood Rd., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-3576 eves, (860) 767-8008 pager. (3)

22' S-2 6.9 Sloop, '84. Lifting keel & fractional rig result in a fast yet shoal draft racer-cruiser. 4 berths, head, icebox. Main, jib, all necessary cruising gear 5hp Tohatsu OB & galv trlr. Vy clean & in exc cond. \$5,500 OBO. 16' Bolger Sweet Pea Chined Peapod, blt in welded marine grade alum, low maintenance constr that will survive neglect. Daggerboard well & drop rudder. Nds some completion. Sprit rig also available. \$500.

STEVÈ KOŌPMAN, Saunderstown, RI, (401) 295-2653. (2)

14' Peep Hen, gaff rig micro-cruiser. Grn FG hull w/tanbark sail, teak trim. Unstayed alum mast on tabernacle, easy set up, quick launch. Self righting, self bailing, roomy, stable, ideal for single handers or small family. Slps 2 comfortably, w/galley area & storage space. 12v electr system for cabin lights & VHF. Beachable 9" draft w/board up, ideal for Maine Island Trail. GC. Incl galv trlr. \$3,750 OBO. MARK POLLOCK, 3806 Rt. 9, E. Chatham, NY 12060, (518) 794-8064, (518) 794-9127 lv message.

Penn Yan Boats, professionally restored: 14' Swift, \$3,500. 9' Aero Dinghy, \$1,900. Canoes, professionally restored: \$1,800 ea: 17' Old Town Molitor, 16' Gerrish, 17' E.M. White, 15' Kennebec. 16' Peterborough (all wood).

THE WOODEN CANOE SHOP, INC., 03583 County Rd. 13, Bryan, OH 43506, (419) 636-1689. (2P) 17'6'' Folbot Double Kayak, a project boat. Hull not bad but nds new deck. Incl 2 paddles. \$125. RICHARD DOWNES, 170 River St., Weymouth, MA 02191, (617) 335-6677. (3)

20' Classic Chesapeake Fantail Launch, '85. Pine on oak, 6hp antique gas engine, hand start w/transmission & magneto. Custom trlr. \$4,000. JAY HOAGLAND, Rockport, ME, (207) 596-0786. (5)

7'9" Dyer Dhow, rowing model. Exc cond, white FG hull, oars & oarlocks. Stored indoors. \$1,000 or reasonable offer.

C. SHERRILL, Beverly Farms, MA, (508) 927-3700. (3)

'89 Dovekie 21', 4hp Evinrude, trlr. Located Salem, MA. \$8,800. ANDREW VLADIMIR, Coconut Grove, FL, (305) 667-7612. (3)

Aquaterra Sea Kayak, Scimitas plastic w/rudder. Gd cond. \$650 OBO. JENNIFER SILLS, Swoope, VA, (540) 337-6340. (3)

14' Ken Swan Sailing Skiff, prof blt in ME, finest mtls. Row, motor, sail. Fast, handsome, exc cond. \$1,700. Trlr available.

CHARLES STEWART, Brunswick, ME, (2907) 729-2881. (7P)

Chesapeake Lightcraft Kayak, "Yare", WEST system, mahogany topsides, exc cond, vy tender, vy fast, \$350.
BILL LANGE, 261 S. Applegate, Ithaca, NY, (607) 277-2619. (3)

17' Old Town Otca Canoe, '25, w/sailing equipment. Orig cond. \$2,500 OBO. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087 eves. (3)

10' Herreshoff Pram, cedar on oak, mahogany transoms & thwarts, copper & bronze fastened. Tows & rows well. 9'3'' Lawley Tender, cedar on oak, mahogany transom, thwarts & sheer strake, copper & bronze fastened. Tows & rows well. \$1,400 OBO. GEORGE OVERBAUGH, 69 S. Stonybrook Dr., Marlborough, CT 06447, (203) 295-0693. (3)

9' Trimaran, telescoping beam 5'-8', dacron sail, trlr. \$350. KEN CURRIE, 6504 Margot, Ft. Wayne, IN 46835, (219) 485-8571. (3)

12-1/2' Wooden Skiff, custom design w/OB well. White pine on fir frames w/FG over plywood bottom. \$200. Will consider trade for 5 lobster traps in gd cond or canoe.

JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (2)

17' Folbot Kayak, 2-seater folding model, about 30 yrs old but in gd cond. Wood/aluminum frame with blue vinyl skin, plywood seats, 2 double-blade paddles & complete lateen sail rig. Current list price for a new boat alone is \$1,800, how about \$600 for everything OBO.

CF ŠIKORSKI, Trenton NJ, (609) 530-1035. (3)



25' Old Town War Canoe, '29, newly restored w/ new outer rails, outside stems & decks. \$3,500. BURT LIBBY, Rt. 1, Box 1090, Litchfield, ME 04350, (207) 268-4802. (3)

17' Old Town Canoe, Model HW, blt 12/11/41. Beautifully restored & cared for. \$3,000. FRED PLOUFFE, Pittsfield, MA, (413) 445-4005. (2)

13-1/2' Spindrift Sailboats, some parts missing, both nd FG repair. \$395 takes both. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (2)

14' Nimrod Geodesic Canoe, like new, top quality mtls. Dark green. \$600. KEN PARKER, Wilmington, MA, (508) 988-0102.

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TONY MC GARRY, Freeland, WA, (360) 331-3789. (3)

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KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (512) 949-9386 eves. (TF)

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Town Class Sloop, or similar wooden CB sloop, about 17', in sailable cond. My spending limit is \$3,500.

ROGER JAMES, 13 Farm Hill Rd, Wallingford, CT 06492, (203) 269-8406 home, (860) 565-5787 work, e-mail jamesrh@pweh.com. (3)

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16' Wayfarer, or 16'-19' plywood daysailer, CB, trlr, within 500 mi of Portsmouth, NH. Up to \$1,500 cash.

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STEVE CLARK, Warren, RI, (401) 247-0947 home, (401) 245-9597work,e-mail 76737,3135@Compu Serve.com (3)

25hp Johnson Seahorse OB, '54, partially dismantled but all parts there, w/pressure tank. \$185. BOB WADON, Randolph, MA, (617) 963-2036. (3)

Maxwell #24 Self-tailing Winch, 21 speed,\$100; Force 10 Propane Grill, plus accessories, like new, cost \$175 + tax new, \$100 plus shipping. Sospender Safety Harness, new. \$25.00. KENN LEWIS, Pleasanton, CA, (510) 426-7860.

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(3)

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Boatbuilding Articles. Copies of articles from old boatbuilding manuals. It is possible to build a boat from most of these articles. \$4 for list of hundreds. E.G. RAGSDALE, P.O. Box 153, Florence, OR 97439, (503) 997-7818. (TF)

Canoe/Kayak Plans, 16' wood/canvas, can be fiberglassed. Since 1962. Free information. TRAILCRAFT, 405 State St. Dept. M, El Dorado, KS 67042. (TFP)

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Messing About in Boats, Vol 1 (missing Nos 1, 3-10 & 22), Vol 2 to date. Small Boat Journal, Pilot Issue March '79, Vol 1, No 4 to Boat Journal, March '91. WoodenBoat, #54 to present. Some quite old boating magazines, Yachting, Boating, Rudder, Motor Boating.

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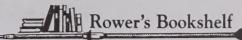
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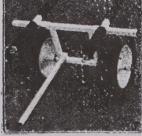


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